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The Shape of Things

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ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THE 1938 BUDGET will be balanced by cutting $500,000,000 from the appropriation for relief and $75,000,000 from that of the CCC camps would be a signal for another sharp break in the stock market if it were taken seriously. With unemployment rapidly rising, a substantial increase in relief funds will be necessary if consumer purchasing power is to be maintained. It is unlikely, however, that anyone in the Administration actually feels that the budget can or should be pruned in this manner. December and January are months in which burnt offerings are traditionally laid on the altar of the great god Economy. But budgets balanced at this season of the year have a habit of becoming unbalanced as Congress faces the political and social consequences of proposed cuts. We refuse to believe that an Administration which achieved extraordinary success in exorcising the last depression through stimulating mass purchasing power will abjure those tactics in the present crisis. Granting that the time has come to balance the budget, we recall the President's warning that the human budget must also be balanced if disaster is to be averted. Both can be accomplished by levying higher taxes on those who have more wealth than they need for current living and utilizing at least part of these funds for assistance to the millions who are unable to purchase everyday necessities.

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WHILE THE OUTCOME OF M. DELBOS'S TOUR of the capitals of Central and Eastern Europe cannot be evaluated for some weeks, his stay in Warsaw was not without result. In backing Poland's claims for colonies, which are at least as plausible as those of Germany, M. Delbos astutely inserted a wedge in Polish-German relations which Nazi diplomacy will find difficult to extricate. It is also significant that the French, according to Frederick Birchall's story in the New York *Times*, have come away saying that Poland is not the near-fascist dictatorship that everyone has supposed it to be but a "dictatorship more or less rooted in liberalism." Although the evidence quoted by Birchall—the decline of extremism and the gradual moderation of anti-Semitism—does not seem to square with the known facts, there can be little doubt that in foreign relations, at least, Poland has steered a rather skilful middle course between Hitler and

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the Western democracies. On a number of points—notably Danzig, colonies, German militarism, and the hope of financial assistance—Poland naturally leans toward France and the democratic bloc, while on others—Czechoslovakia, the "threat" of communism, and anti-Semitism—it finds itself much closer to the interests of the Rome-Berlin axis. Presumably nothing that Delbos could offer would align Poland definitely with the anti-fascist powers, but if he has succeeded in preventing an extension of Nazi influence he will have achieved his immediate mission.

*

ASSUMING THAT MAYOR LAGUARDIA WAS both sane and sober when he "accepted the resignation" of Langdon Post, chairman of the New York Housing Authority, last week, we must put the whole incident down as either a major error of judgment or a political move of questionable character. When Mr. Post informed the Mayor that he could not resign from a position to which he had never been officially reappointed (his term ran out two years ago), Mr. LaGuardia reduced the affair to opera bouffe by swearing in his secretary, Lester Stone, as Mr. Post's successor. Informed by newspapermen that the Authority chose its own chairman, the Mayor, in a final burst of irresponsibility, announced that it would either accept his secretary or he "would get a new Authority." His belated explanation that Mr. Stone's appointment was temporary merely reduced the incident to a theatrical announcement that Mr. LaGuardia intended to have his own way with New York housing whatever the law or the consequences. These antics have brought down upon the Mayor blasts of editorial disapproval from almost every newspaper in New York, including his most sincere supporters. The position in which the Mayor has placed the Authority will not facilitate what he claims is his sole objective—prompt loans and grants for public housing in New York. In the meantime, the federal Administrator, Mr. Straus, is concluding arrangements with other city housing authorities at a second conference in Washington, and his opponents are continuing their attempts to prevent his confirmation by the Senate. We suggest that if an investigation is authorized, its scope be extended to include all the facts about the Anacostia site in the District of Columbia, which was acquired before Mr. Straus's appointment as Administrator. We understand that a secret report on the purchase of that site is now on file in the Department of the Interior and that its publication would yield dramatic and significant results.

*

WITH FEWER MEN GOING TO WORK EACH morning in the industrial centers of the nation, the attempt to find a formula for peace between A. F. of L. and C. I. O. becomes more important as hope of its success seems to grow more dim. Maury Maverick estimates that a million have been thrown out of work since September, and there is evidence that the C. I. O. in particular is acutely aware of the menace of unemployment to its membership and its effectiveness in the mass-production industries. It has advised its affiliates to set up unemployment committees, keep careful records of lay-offs, and make the local unions the most active agencies in obtaining relief for their non-working members. The mushroom growth of the C. I. O., its membership of mainly unskilled or semi-skilled workers who are quickly affected by the rise and fall of production, seasonal or cyclical, and its lack of machinery for taking care of those laid off make it particularly susceptible to the ravages of depression. These very factors seem to guarantee its good faith in seeking peace, on honorable terms, with the A. F. of L. By the same token the A. F. of L. bureaucracy, if not the rank and file, may feel that it is in a better position now to fight the C. I. O. than at any time since the Lewis committee was formed. Its most recent activities in New Jersey, where it has championed Mayor Hague at the moment when he is busy abrogating civil rights in order to defeat the C. I. O. drive in Jersey City, would indicate as much. What has stopped the peace negotiations, apparently, is the refusal of the A. F. of L. to merge with the C. I. O. on a democratic basis for the simple reason that this would mean sooner or later the end of power for some of the big frogs in the little puddle of the A. F. of L. executive board. Obviously it is not a price they care to pay for a unified and strong labor movement.

*

THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE BEEN MAKING front-page stuff out of so-called attempts of the NLRB to throttle press criticism. The board, in proceeding against the Weirton Steel Company, for instance, subpoenaed Hartley W. Barclay, editor of the magazine *Mill and Factory,* to submit all records and materials pertaining to a distorted account of the board's Weirton hearings. Such action has been attacked as interference with freedom of the press. Thus far there has been no such interference. What the board has been trying to do comes within its province. It is seeking not to intimidate publishers but to discover whether employers, in fighting trade-union organizations, have been deliberately using the newspaper articles and editorials by distributing them widely among workers in order to intimidate them. The board must be careful, however, to restrict itself to uncovering the relations of newspapers with employers; it has no power or function to proceed against them. Far more important than this clamor was an item almost unnoticed last week by the press—the decision of the NLRB in the Allis-Chalmers case. The majority held that while the workers in a plant could vote as a body, using the entire plant as a voting unit, separate craft groups could split off—in this case the firemen and oilers—and vote separately. Since the very fact that they split off indicates that these crafts will go A. F. of L., the board's decision may mean that when a plant as a whole votes C. I. O., separate small groups may be in a strategic position to paralyze the industrial union. The dissenting opinion of Edwin S. Smith, the first to be written in the board's history, points out this danger and marks its author as a realist.

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"HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT," WALL Street has been saying in alternate fits of hope and despair, as it has watched the moods and moves of Chairman Douglas of the SEC. Since the sharp stock break of Black Tuesday, negotiations have been under way between the commission and the Stock Exchange for some sort of peace. But no peace has been made. Chairman Douglas's statement last week was a clear indication that he means to introduce a greater measure of democracy into the Exchange, breaking the oligarchic rule of a small group of brokers, and taking the Exchange leaders at their word when they say they want self-regulation. The only self-regulation that will protect the investors is one in which they would be represented, and one that would provide for the segregation of brokers from traders and specialists. This is a soundly conservative approach—so conservative as to seem radical to the Stock Exchange controlling group. The informal announcement that John W. Hanes and Jerome Frank are slated as the two new members of the commission is in line with the Douglas policy. Hanes is one of the Stock Exchange crowd, but he is the leader of the opposition to President Gay. Jerome Frank is one of the best minds in the New Deal, and his appointment would be second only to the chairmanship of Douglas in its importance for the future of the SEC.

*

YUGOSLAVIA IS PEEVED AT MICKEY MOUSE. The Belgrade government has just clamped a ban on a newspaper strip in which Mickey is portrayed as the double of a young prince. So popular is the double that the prince's uncle, the regent, becomes jealous and launches a military conspiracy against him. It happens that Yugoslavia has a boy king named Peter, and that Peter has a cousin, Prince Paul, who acts as Chief Regent. Perhaps the Yugoslav censors didn't like the idea of a mouse doubling for their king, or perhaps they found the plot entirely too suggestive. Whatever the grounds, Mickey will have to do his royal doubling elsewhere. We have no way of knowing how apt the cartoon was, but we are impressed with the power of Ambassador Mouse. If he can draw down on his head an official ban, he has an influence and a boldness that are no longer common in our diplomatic corps. When we think of Norman Davis weaseling around in Brussels, of State Department representatives cowed into attending Nazi party congresses, of American consuls sneaking out of loyalist towns in Spain —when we think of all these things, we ask ourselves: Shall we be represented abroad by mice or men? And the answer is—by all means, mice!

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DESPITE CHANCELLOR HITLER'S ARROGANCE in international affairs, the Nazi regime is showing signs of great strain. The struggle with the Catholics grows sharper, and there is good reason to believe that large sections of the population feel bitter about the anti-Christian propaganda of the Nazi Party. But in a totalitarian state popular feeling is important only in so far as it affects the state's capacity to wage war and survive. That is why principal attention should be focused on the German General Staff and on the Economics Ministry. It has been known for some time that the General Staff does not regard Germany as ready for a war. But of even greater importance is the news published last week in the New York *Times* that the German army chaplains have protested against the anti-religious campaign and the widespread immorality of the Nazis and pointed out that a disaffected and demoralized army is of no use in war. As Dorothy Thompson remarks, this petition could not have been presented unless it had the approval of the General Staff, and it indicates a possible rift between the Reichswehr and the party. Pointing in the same direction is a pamphlet we have received, written by a member of the General Staff and printed illegally, attacking the German policy of aiding Franco as a waste of military resources and prestige. As for the economic situation, Schacht's resignation is only one of many indications of widespread gloom in German official circles over the financial weakness of the regime.

*

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES, A RELIGIOUS SECT, won its first major victory for religious liberty in Philadelphia last week—and lost a minor one in New York State. Federal Judge Albert B. Maris held that the requirement of a local school board that children salute the flag as a prerequisite to attendance at classes was a violation of both the state and federal constitutions. In a Suffolk County Court in New York State a jury convicted two members of the same sect whose child had likewise refused to salute the flag, although the justice in this case stated in his charge that it is not disorderly conduct for a pupil to refuse, on religious grounds, to participate in the flag-salute ceremony. In general, the courts have upheld the school boards. Judge Maris took a longer and more sensible view.

> If any individual sincerely bases his acts or refusals to act on religious grounds, that must be accepted as such and may only be interfered with . . . if it appears that the public safety, health, or morals or personal rights will be prejudiced by them.

Judge Maris has proved himself worthy of his Quaker ancestors in a way seldom encountered among the self-styled inheritors of American traditions. We hope his decision—and its implications for individual liberty in general—will have a salutary effect on various and sundry martinets both on and off school boards.

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THE *NEW MASSES*, IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE, devoted several pages to an appraisal of *The Nation*. It was not an unfriendly one, considering the attacks of bygone days. The author, Granville Hicks, credited us "on the whole" with a disposition to be fair, however open to criticism from the point of view of Communist analysis. But our literary department he charged with consistent unfairness on questions of communism and Soviet Russia. He even charged that "some four years

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ago the book-review section seceded from the rest of the magazine" and has remained in rebellion. Only a rebuttal of equal length could take up seriatim the examples of alleged bias cited by Mr. Hicks. This we shall not attempt. But we want briefly and finally to repudiate the suggestion that *The Nation* is divided. Likewise the charge that we have deliberately selected anti-Communist reviewers for books dealing with Communist policy or the U. S. S. R. is entirely unjustified. We have tried, however, to avoid obviously partisan reviewers, and this means that we have deliberately chosen non-Communists to review such books. What earthly end could be gained by inviting "a party spokesman," as Mr. Hicks proposes, to review books on communism or allied subjects? The very phrase reveals the weakness of the suggestion; "spokesmen" are not critics. What *The Nation* wants is criticism by persons capable of independent thought about the book and its subject. Have we achieved that purpose? Not always, certainly. A few of the examples selected by Mr. Hicks prove that unwise choices were made; most of them seem to us wholly defensible in the terms we have set down. The fact is, the area of free criticism is narrowing around our feet. Those who do not write as spokesmen for the Communist line too often reveal themselves as spokesmen for some other—opposition partisans fully as biased, and therefore fully as untrustworthy, as critics. But there are writers who still remain outside the intellectual trade barriers that surround the various totalitarian camps, and in dealing with controversial books we shall do our best to choose our reviewers from among them.

Ceiling and Floor

THE wage-hour bill, called officially the Fair Labor Standards Act, has finally been dynamited from the House Rules Committee. It is ironic that the final batch of signatures necessary to discharge the bill from committee should have been secured only by the threat to delay or defeat the farm bill, a threat that spoke eloquently to the Southern tories. The whole episode has been an acid test of the progressive impetus in Congress to defeat the sabotaging attempts of the reactionary blocs operating within the committee system—with party lines crossed on both sides. It is another indication that party responsibility no longer exists and that a new party alignment may be in preparation.

Thus far we have viewed the struggle over the wage-hour bill mainly as a question of Congressional procedure and party responsibility. Now that the bill is out of committee, however, it must be scrutinized sharply in terms of its actual merits and dangers—considerations that were not before the Rules Committee at all.

There can be no doubt that the President's message of last May, in which such legislation was first proposed to Congress, laid down a far more liberal base for action than either the Senate or the House has since been willing to adopt. The President suggested that Congress set certain "rudimentary standards" in the production of goods entering into interstate commerce. These standards —minimum wages, maximum hours, and the elimination of child labor—would have to be established by legislative action, and applied nationally. They would not be, in any real sense of the word, "fair" standards, but would merely take the edge off exploitation. "Fair" standards would have to be approximated by further administrative action, and by the upward adjustment of the rudimentary standards to meet particular sectional and industrial conditions.

This whole conception has been scrapped. At last summer's session the Senate, under pressure by its Southern members, rewrote the bill. And in the process of rewriting, the rudimentary standards—originally conceived of as forty cents an hour and forty hours a week—became the fair standards. Instead of being set by Congressional action, they were to be set by administrative action. Instead of the wage minimum (forty cents) being a floor on which the administrators were expected to build, it became a ceiling beyond which they were not to go. And instead of the hours minimum (forty) being a ceiling beyond which the administrators could not let the employer push labor, it became a floor below which the administrators were not to be allowed to push the employers. Finally, the walls of the original structure, determining how much of unorganized labor was to be included in the scope of the act, were drastically contracted by revisions in the Senate and House committees. Agricultural workers and domestic workers were excluded altogether, and the cotton-processing and canning industries were excluded from the hours provision as seasonal industries. These clauses, it is estimated, would reduce the number of workers affected from about eleven million to less than four million.

Obviously, while a principle has been established by the bill even in its present shape, it is the wrong principle and a dangerous one. Its danger lies in the fact that it makes Congress function to protect business interests by setting bounds to administrative action, and leaves the administrative agency to protect the workers' interests as best it can locally and by industries. The original principle was the safe one: that Congress, being responsive to popular demands as the people's representative body, should set minimum standards to protect the workers, leaving the administrative agency, responsive to considerations of practicality and locality, to make small or large adjustments on a realistic basis. If what is wanted is the establishment of a principle, the bill must be recast to embody the right principle.

There are three other adverse criticisms of the bill, but we feel they lack weight. One is that it may involve a repetition of the mistakes of the NRA. We do not regard this objection as valid. What was vicious about the NRA was that both labor standards and fair trade practices were included in the same administrative structure and in the same codes. The result was that workers bargained away their interests as consumers, allowing high monopoly prices to be set and the price structure to become rigid, in return for wage and hour concessions.

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The wage-hour bill at least does not have this fault.

The second objection is that it paves the way for government wage-fixing, and will thus freeze the wage structure. This too lacks point. It is based upon the outmoded and generally discarded theory of the A. F. of L. that all government action with respect to labor is necessarily hostile and interferes with trade-union activity. The new labor movement recognizes that government has a useful function in providing the machinery for collective bargaining, guaranteeing civil liberties for labor, and setting minimum standards. Within that framework of government action, the C. I. O. has demonstrated that there is room and to spare for labor organizing activity. As for the third objection—that the bill will put marginal firms out of business and therefore deepen the depression—the adequate answer is that prosperity does not come from exploitation wages and hours but from the increase of purchasing power.

Whatever bill is finally adopted, its success will hinge upon the nature of the administrators chosen for it. The real choice is not between an administrative board of five and a Department of Labor administrator, but between good and bad administrators, wherever they are located. If the President can find personnel like that of the present Labor Relations Board, we can safely intrust the act to them. One thing can be said with certainty: that the Department of Justice does not have the right administrators. The present bill, bad as it is, is preferable to the A. F. of L. Berry-Phillips bill, which would set certain fair standards and leave their enforcement to Attorney General Cummings. That would be limbo with a vengeance.

Bounty for Aggressors

IF WE can judge by press reports, the drive for a conciliatory policy toward Germany which was launched by Lord Halifax only a few weeks ago met stiff resistance in last week's Anglo-French conference. While the official statement issued at the close of the conference spoke of the necessity for a further examination of the colonial question by "a number of other countries," it may be assumed that for the time being no substantial concessions will be granted to Germany, either in Europe or in the colonial areas. It is not to be supposed, however, that this setback for the pro-Nazi clique in the British Cabinet will put an end to all efforts to conciliate the Third Reich. On the contrary, the fact that France has refused to accept any arrangement which would increase Germany's influence in Europe may only strengthen the determination of those who feel that in the long run Britain's orientation should be toward the Reich. Lacking the strength to force a break with France at the present moment, this group may be expected to work more intensively than ever for a program that would leave France wholly isolated.

Nor would it be wise to underestimate the popular appeal of this policy. Despite strong anti-Nazi sentiment in the Labor and Liberal parties, hundreds of thousands of Britishers will support a conciliatory program toward Germany on the ground that it is the only way of securing peace. It may be argued, with a fair degree of plausibility, that if Germany's immediate demands were satisfied and an international plan worked out which would relieve the present economic distress in the Reich, Hitler would find no need for a war of aggression. Certainly this is true as far as the immediate future is concerned. Hitler is unlikely to take drastic action to seize what is his merely for the asking. And the postponement of war is, to some minds, all that can possibly be achieved in the present crisis.

The policy of buying off a potential aggressor makes a strong appeal to two widely divergent groups—those interested primarily in preserving the present economic system and the absolute pacifists. The former are not disturbed by the fact that a conciliatory policy strengthens the fascist states. Many pacifists, on the other hand, not only feel that war is the greatest of all evils but insist that it can be averted by a spirit of conciliation and good-will.

That both groups are unwittingly defeating their own ends is seen by only a minority. Experience has shown that concessions to the fascist states, far from diverting them from their objectives, only strengthen their conviction that the democracies are impotent. British business interests may wake up to find, as they have already found in Spain and China, that fascist diplomatic and military victories are only a prelude to economic domination. Similarly, pacifists may discover that in their desire to maintain peace they have nourished in fascism a Frankenstein which will destroy the very concepts of law and justice on which peace must rest.

If Britain were the only democratic country paralyzed by fundamental divisions on policy, the situation would be serious enough, but unfortunately France and the United States are torn by similar dissension. In France the pro-fascist right is definitely in the minority, but it is not without influence on foreign policy, as republican Spain can testify. In the United States, as the New York *Times* so clearly pointed out in its editorial America's Aloofness, it is the isolationists and pacifists who, paradoxically enough, are the chief supporters of the war-makers. At a time when the very existence of international law and justice is being challenged, the National Peace Conference, representing some forty national "peace" organizations, is engaged on a long-range program for "economic appeasement" which, in effect, gives support to the war-makers' demand for the right of territorial expansion. This group has allowed the ideal of freer trade relations, which is utterly unattainable in a world dominated by totalitarian ideology, to stand in the way of any economic action for the prevention of war. In the hope of "keeping America out of war," several of these organizations have urged the application of a Neutrality Act which is flagrantly unneutral in the present struggle and which would make the United States a partner in the rape of China. Despite Mr. Villard's disavowal elsewhere in this issue, we firmly believe that

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the influence of these groups was at least in part responsible for the shameful showing of the American delegation at Brussels, when the world had every right to expect the United States to advance a positive peace program.

We welcome the *Times's* demand that the United States reassert its leadership in world affairs not because of any jingoist desire to see America great, but because experience has shown that there is no hope for peace unless this country accepts the responsibility which its wealth, trade, and economic prowess impose upon it. During the past six years the peace of the world has been endangered by four flagrant acts of aggression. Each could have been stopped by prompt collective, non-violent measures by the democratic powers. And on three of these occasions—the Manchurian crisis, the invasion of Ethiopia, and the present undeclared war in China—action on the part of the League powers was aborted by the failure of the United States, the world's chief commercial power, to extend cooperation. The collapse of the Brussels conference, following the succession of previous setbacks, makes any action in the present crisis extremely difficult. But we agree with the *Times* that it is not too late "to restore a will for peace in the world." Japan is far from achieving its goal in China, and it is still possible, by peaceful, non-violent means, to prevent it from profiting from its illegal invasion. Germany has not yet burst loose from its boundaries in Europe, and there is still time to create a system of law which would make it impossible for Hitler or any other would-be aggressor to destroy the peace of the world. But unless the democratic countries achieve unity of policy, both at home and in cooperation with one another, they are bound not only to drift into war but to be defeated in the effort to prevent worldwide fascist domination.

Political Surgery

SIX months ago Lillian Symes reported in this magazine that the findings of the $100,000 medical-economic survey financed jointly by the California Medical Association and the Works Progress Administration had been withheld by the association although efforts were being made to force its publication. The efforts resulted in something worse than failure. The valuable work of Professor Paul A. Dodd and his research associates, more than half of which was paid for out of tax funds, has been suppressed in large part; it has also been mangled almost beyond recognition.

Optimistic lay and medical liberals hoped that the publication of the Dodd report would inaugurate a brighter day for the organization of medical care on the Coast. But the medico-political weather in California has been most unusual this year. After repeated delays an amazing document has just been published under the joint sponsorship of the California Medical Association and the State Board of Health, and the occasion is scarcely one for rejoicing.

As submitted, Professor Dodd's report would have made about 400 pages, including text, tables, graphs, and appendices. As published, the original text is largely eliminated, and the residue of statistical tables and graphs is interpreted, not by Professor Dodd, but through "informal comments" provided by the California Medical Association's special Committee on Publication, consisting of Drs. William R. Molony, H. H. Wilson, Rodney A. Yoell, Robert A. Peers, and Alson R. Kilgore. This committee's comments are about as "informal" as the actions of a squad of Pearl Bergoff's "nobles."

The committee "does not wish to present controversial comment concerning the final report." It merely prepares Professor Dodd's expensively gathered statistics for burial by covering them with a pall of casuistry and flat-footed opposition to practically any form of medico-economic progress, especially health insurance. For example, after noting that between 1929 and 1933 the total national income decreased 42.9 per cent and the total net income of physicians and surgeons decreased 36 per cent, it remarks complacently that "this seems to indicate close adjustment to the paying ability of patients."

The committee prints a few excerpts from Professor Dodd's original introduction, interpolating triple question marks—and thereby inferentially impugning either Professor Dodd's competence or his integrity—wherever that hapless economist ventures to intimate that his statistical findings should be taken seriously. For example, at one point Professor Dodd remarks that the data obtained by questioning average families "may be a sufficient basis for inferring that the whole deficiency [of medical care] is very great—great enough to be a matter of grave public concern." The committee's parenthetical comment is "? ? ?."

At this point the suspicious reader is likely to consult Professor Dodd's sober tables, compiled in 1934-35. What are the facts that the medical hierarchy is so anxious to bury? We find that in the lowest income group, consisting of persons receiving less than $500 a year, only 42 per cent of those needing medical care, as shown by prior diagnosis by a physician, were actually receiving medical care. This percentage rises almost uniformly with the increase in incomes. To those that have money, shall be given medical care. The doctor's dilemma is also visible in Professor Dodd's statistics. In 1933 the average net income of California doctors was $3,572, while more than 37 per cent of these doctors earned less than $2,000 a year. Medical incomes as a whole moved up by perhaps 30 per cent during the recovery; now we are in another slump.

A copy of this butchered document has been sent to each of the 5,500 members of the California Medical Association, while 1,000 additional copies have been printed for other distribution. The full report will be made available only if Professor Dodd is able to procure a subsidy to pay the costs of publication. We hope he succeeds, not only for his own sake, but in the interest of the medical profession and the public and of honest standards of scientific research.

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Rebellion in Rebel Spain

BY LEIGH WHITE

Barcelona, November 15

IT HAS been the Spanish government's thesis all along that Franco's regime will collapse at the rear no matter what takes place at the front. The incessant riots and rebellions, the increasing numbers of prisoners and deserters, and above all the stream of talkative renegades trickling into France have provided archives of evidence to support this belief. Franco's problem has been not only to keep the Spaniards from declaring war on the German and Italian soldiery, to say nothing of the Moors, but also to keep the Falangists, the Requetes, the military, and the plain civilians from flying at one another's throats.

The rebel movement has been marked by failures from the start. The first was the junta of incompetent generals which Mola set up at Burgos and naively expected to govern the entire rebel zone. Francisco Franco in Salamanca and Gonzalo Queipo de Llano in Seville, of course, ignored it. Franco, isolated from the insurrection's leadership, was already dickering with Germany and Italy to become their Spanish puppet and wanted to have no truck with a rival as renowned as Mola. And Queipo, who had made himself viceroy of Andalusia, wanted only to be allowed to rule his "island" in his own inimitable manner. Both of them set up their private general staffs, their ministries of justice and finance, and began to pass edicts and decrees to suit themselves.

Burgos was ridiculous. Not even the Requetes, Mola's own shock brigade, respected it. Instead, they set up at Toledo that amazing outfit, the Royal Traditionalist Military Academy, and proceeded to harass the civil population with endless investigations, searches, red-hunts, and seizures of private property, supposedly the crime of crimes. And the Falange Española, most potent body of them all, began to pass still other edicts and decrees and to enforce them with its local storm troops.

Thus the insurrection gave every sign of following the traditional Spanish pattern; and it is sad that it did not, for then the Loyalists would have been able to crush it within six weeks. But Germany and Italy, which had thus far kept in the background, were not interested in supporting an *insurrecto* movement. What they wanted was a fascist colony they could depend on for raw materials, and they were prepared to go to any lengths to create it. Having carefully observed Francisco Franco and mistakenly concluded that he was both malleable enough and able enough to carry out their aims, they declared him generalissimo, chief of state, and *caudillo supremo* (supreme leader) in October, 1936.

Immediately thereafter German and Italian munitions, aircraft, tanks, and infantry appeared on Spanish soil. The foreign invasion was on. Posters attacking Jews and Freemasons began to appear, along with gigantic portraits of Hitler and Mussolini. Demonstrations were organized, and the rebel militias were taught to shout imported slogans and to cheer imported speeches. About the only Spanish contributions in evidence were benefit bullfights, special masses, and posters berating women who exposed their arms or legs or who refrained from wearing veils. As if this cultural onslaught were not enough, the foreigners then began to pack the nationalist militias with their special agents and to unseat the veteran leaders. The inevitable result was popular resentment, first expressing itself in the disaffection of the Falange Española.

In spite of the death of Primo de Rivera, junior, its founder and guiding spirit—his execution by the Loyalists is still hushed up in the Franco camp—the Falange was still a potent body when Germany and Italy stepped into the picture. It was more nationalist and monarchist than fascist, however, and instead of attempting to win it over by judicious compromises, Franco installed as its chief an ambitious underling named Manuel Hedilla, and charged him with keeping the Falange from getting out of hand. His decision could not have been worse. Hedilla was known and hated as an *obrero enseñoritado* —that is, an upstart, a worker who had come up in the world by selling out—and immediately on taking office he surrounded himself with a coterie of yes-men and proceeded to do exactly nothing. His stupidity permitted Sancho Dávila and other veterans who were incensed at being ousted from control and disgusted with Franco's tactics to organize the very opposition movement that he was supposed to prevent. But Franco remained blind to where the rebels' power lay—in indigenous fascism, not something imported from Berlin—and persisted in supporting Hedilla despite the clamor of the rank and file. By June, Dávila and his followers had gained sufficient strength to mutiny. They besieged the Hedillistas in their headquarters at Salamanca and held off Franco's Moors with machine-guns, bombs, and even tanks. How many were killed has been kept a secret, but it is known that the Davilistas were only put down after the Moors had indulged in one of their characteristic massacres.

This rebellion within a rebellion, known as the *colisión* of Salamanca, was the gravest of the many crises that Franco had met thus far. It served as a pretext for the now famous Decree of Unification. This document, drawn up by the German embassy, had been held in abeyance until just such an incident should occur. It ruled that since the excessive independence of certain militias had allowed disruptive elements to endanger the nationalist cause, all militias were thenceforth to be consolidated into one great national body with Franco at their head. The new body was to be called Falange

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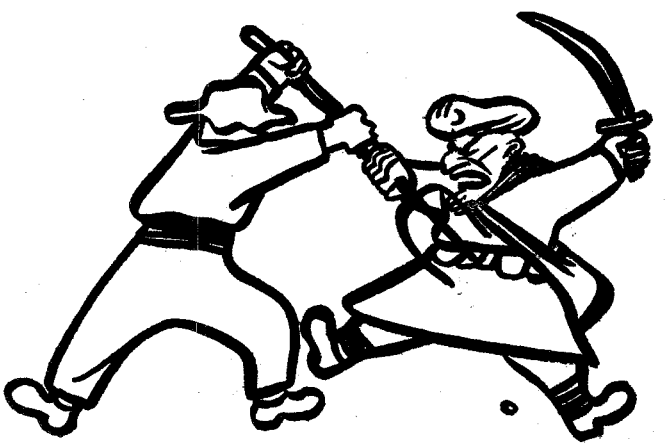
Española Tradicionalista, but if the name was intended as a sop to the embittered real Falange, it was about six months too late. Organizationally, it was an artificial resurrection of the old Blue Shirts, or Jonsistas (Juventudes Obreras Nacionalistas Sindicalistas).

The Decree of Unification was supposed to be the strong-man touch, the strategic manipulation of crises so as to center, one by one, the sources of power in the leader, until leader and state should be one. Actually, it served only to antagonize the Falangists to such an extent as to render permanently improbable the acceptance of a leader, not to mention a fascist state, in rebel Spain. Franco soon showed he was no leader; everybody knew it, including Manuel Hedilla, who thereupon engineered a revolt and instantly landed in jail, together with all his followers.

The Carlist Requetes, the only rival of the original Falange, with an influence that extends from Navarre to León and Galicia, succumbed to the liquidation movement because of the very fanaticism that was once their source of strength. Composed as they are of primitive Catholics, their basic creed is blind obedience to their priests and to the military chiefs who bear the blessing of the church. This was the reason why Mola, thrice-blessed by the priests, was so successful in winning the north and gaining a reputation as a military genius. Bedecked with crosses, medals, and scapularies, the Requetes march to the Aragon and northern fronts as if on a holy crusade, much as did their spiritual forbears, the Knights Hospitalers.

The remainder of the philo-fascist youth were an impotent if vociferous lot. First among them was the JAP (pronounced "hop"), the Juventudes de la Acción Popular, which never sufficiently recovered from the flight of their leader, young Gil Robles—now trying to recoup his honor as a spy—to offer any serious obstacles to liquidation. Next under the Franco ax was the Count of Rodezno's Renovación Española, the exclusive military club of the young aristocrats and *señoritos*. The Falangists called them *tomates sin madurar* (unripe tomatoes) because they wore green instead of red berets. Inasmuch as their main interest was parading in swank uniforms, packing automatics, and taking their *novias* riding in official cars, the liquidation probably extended rather than impeded their activities. The other youth movements, such as the local Guards of Truth and Guards of Order, thugs and lackeys mostly, useful in red-hunts and massacres but otherwise without importance, were swallowed up in a single gulp.

Thus, at the cost of wrecking the Falange, the only body strong enough to have led a national movement, the Germans and Italians, through Franco's obliging offices, now have the youth as well as the army under their thumbs. They trust in their gangster methods to keep them there—and that is their third mistake. The first was their selection of Franco as commander, an obvious *efeminado* and no leader despite his military competence. The second was their inundation of the rebel zone with a lot of foreign claptrap that had little to do with the Spanish soil and still less with the Spanish soul. It is the third tactical error, however, the humiliating domination of every section of the rebel movement by foreign armies, that has brought the Franco regime to its present tottering state.



The monarchist mainstays of the rebel movement have yet to display concern at the compost to which their worm-eaten culture is being reduced. For one thing, there is always Mrs. Franco, Doña Carmen, to salve their sensibilities. What Franco lacks in virility and leadership his wife makes up for in those niceties of pageantry which so delight the reactionary soul. Doña Carmen is an extremely wealthy heiress who enjoys delusions of religious grandeur and is firmly convinced that she is God's appointed to lead Spain back to feudalism. She spends her time frequenting the more elaborate churches and has seen to it that she is received with the royal march whenever she appears in public. Not only the clergy and the aristocracy worship Doña Carmen. So do the present members of the Burgos junta. And it is well that they do, for she is the firmest link between the old Spanish reactionary classes and the rebel movement. Franco's affinity for Unter den Linden is so strong that he might long ago have replaced the junta's personnel with Germans, as he has done with his military staff,

Drawings by John Groth

Franco's Big Offensive

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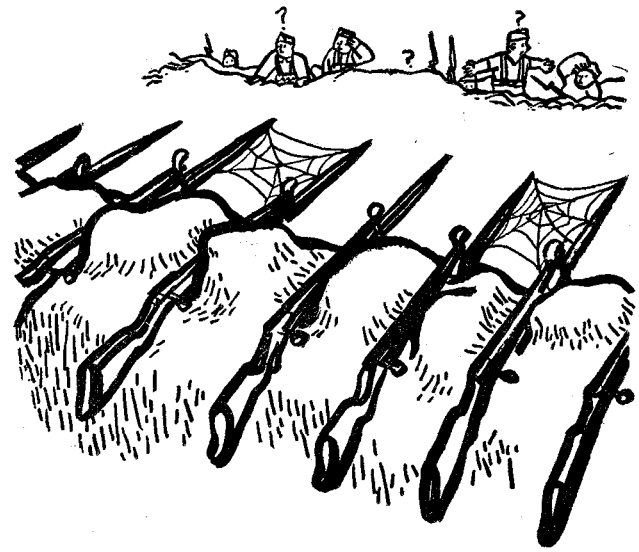
were it not for his wife's reminders that there are still rich Spaniards in the rebel zone.

The present bureaucracy at Burgos consists of wealthy or otherwise influential backers of the insurrection who have been rewarded for past or future loyalty with premature appointments to the central government—due to take power on the thirty-ninth fall of Madrid. It is a purely tentative body, therefore, and though its members have been drawing salaries from the start, they spend most of their working hours in the poor cafes of Burgos, licking their chops at the thought of the anise and coffee still to be had in Barcelona's *ramblas,* or in the *circulos* of the Calle Alcalá in Madrid. The mayor-to-be of Madrid, in fact, together with his special advisers, attorney generals, and public-utility functionaries,

has already set out for Madrid a dozen times, with hot bread and wine in his paunch, only to learn at Avila that Madrid had not fallen and to have to return to Burgos with, as the Spaniards say, his "bread still hot."

About the nearest thing to a personality that the current junta can boast is the Minister of Commerce and Industry to be, Joaquín Bau, a Catalan, ex-deputy from Tortosa and former cacique of Tarragona. He is a millionaire olive-oil exporter, a member of the erstwhile Cambó, Ventosa and Company, whose president, Francisco Cambó, was chairman of the rightist party of Catalonia. The other functionaries are rather less picturesque. The Minister of the Treasury is to be a retired lawyer named Amado, who sits about drinking coffee and rum and carping at the paucity of his present salary. José Martinez de Velasco, formerly a follower of Gil Robles in the Cortes, is to be Minister of Labor. To head the Ministry of Justice there is a fat and genial Andalusian named Pepe Cortés, who used to be a magistrate in Madrid. His main qualification for the post he hopes to fill is that he befriended Franco when he was exiled in the Canaries.

So humbled have the original rebel leaders become that one might almost be tempted to sympathize with that genial, drunken monster Gonzalo Queipo de Llano, who still broadcasts loudly from Seville the latest details of his gory rule. If any of the *insurrecto* generals could have been a strong man it was Queipo. And perhaps, if the times had not been out of joint, he might



have imitated the career of Gomez of Venezuela or one of the more recent South American dictators. But there are Germany and Italy to be considered, and Queipo hasn't the slightest comprehension of what fascism means.

Queipo himself will have to be liquidated before Andalusia can be incorporated with the rest of rebel Spain. Franco and the foreign fascists know this; but they also know that to attempt another purge like that of the Falange now, with the Spaniards in their present hysterical state, would probably mean the collapse of their shaky regime. Not even the southern army could be counted on, for it is teeming with intrigue in three languages. Its officers and foreign troops are so hated that a first-class civilian outbreak would be sure to involve the Spanish soldiers.

The most hated feature of the foreign invasion is the presence of the Italian infantry. In Valladolid the Italians have completely taken over the functions of the government. The sign over the gatekeeper's kiosk at the railway station has been taken down and a new one, reading *Corpo di Guardia,* put up. Italian troops patrol the streets, inspecting the *salvoconductos* of the pedestrians and raiding private homes. On entering a street car or a movie they usually refuse to pay, shouting "Italian army—savior of Spain!" In Seville last month, when a street-car motorman failed to stop, a group of Italians commandeered an automobile, overtook the car, and would have beaten the offending motorman to death had not the Spanish passengers prevented them. In Bilbao a group of Italians entered a cafe and on finding all its tables taken ordered the Spaniards present to leave. When some of them protested, one of the Italians took out his revolver and began firing into their midst. He shot two women and a waiter before the enraged Spaniards beat him to death with syphon bottles.

What the Italian army is to the man in the street the Germans are to the upper classes. The best hotel in Burgos, the Maria Isabel, has been taken over as barracks for German aviators. All the Spanish guests have been evicted and are permitted to return only for their meals. They must eat quickly and then depart. At the dances

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which the aviators hold at the hotel almost every night, Spanish women are perforce admitted, but Spanish men are banned.

If such humiliations were limited only to the civil population, the Spanish army officers might still accept matters. But they are becoming increasingly chagrined to find that their army no longer really counts. The foreigners are the darlings of the state. All Germans, with the possible exception of mechanics, hold the rank of captain or better, and both Germans and Italians are graded at least one rank higher than Spaniards filling identical posts. Italian privates earn ten pesetas a day, but Spanish recruits get only twenty-five centimos for spending money. The caste system is best epitomized in the regulation of prostitution. Of the four houses in Burgos, the two best have been reserved for Germans, the third for Italians, the poorest for Moors and Spaniards.

That such conditions are rapidly becoming intolerable is indicated by the following notice in the *Voz de España* of Santander: "By order of the military authorities the following chiefs and officials have been removed from their commands for disaffection to the nationalist movement. . . ." The names of eleven officers follow—a colonel, two lieutenant colonels, and a commander of the Civil Guard, a lieutenant colonel of artillery, two captains and three lieutenants of infantry, and a lieutenant of carabineers. When the military are disaffected, can defeat be far behind?

How to Swing an Election

BY HELEN WOODWARD

THIS is the story of how the great advertising agency, Lord and Thomas, caused the people of the state of California to repeal a chain-store tax. It is an object lesson to all political-minded people, and ought to be read carefully, with pencil and paper for notes, by naive radicals.

Right now there is a pest of little bills running through the legislatures of the country taxing the chain stores. Whether the chain store is a good thing or a bad thing, and whether the small retailer has a chance to fight it or not, these bills are mostly foolish and badly drawn. They are just a venture on the part of the small retailer. He is frightened. He doesn't realize that the sweep of the chain stores upon him is part of a historical movement, and if he did realize it he wouldn't care. He is fighting for his life. You can hardly expect him to say: "The world is through with me and I'd better just fold up and get out."

In the fight with the chain stores he is by no means alone. On his side he has some of the big distributors and manufacturers, and he usually has the state legislatures because he is a voter. The chains, often owned outside the state, are not voters. Hence the epidemic in various states of special taxes and license fees on retailers, so arranged that they will press more heavily on the chain stores.

The state of California passed a bill providing for such a tax. The bill was known as "22." The tax was insignificant for a single store under one ownership, but it rose as high as $500 a store for chain-store systems. Behind this bill were 80,000 independent dealers, highly organized. A thousand anti-chain people marched on Sacramento to encourage the Governor to sign it. He dared not veto the bill, but he remarked that it could be repealed by referendum if the people of the state wished.

It was at this moment that the Lord and Thomas Advertising Agency stepped in. This is one of the biggest advertising agencies in the United States, and is presided over by Mr. Albert Lasker, who played a large and patriotic part during the World War as chairman of the Shipping Board. The campaign conducted by Lord and Thomas to repeal the California chain-store tax was an astute piece of work.

First, Lord and Thomas raced around and got the signatures of 135,000 California voters calling for a referendum. Then they put this carefully aside while they did a little good ground work. For seven months if you had been in California you wouldn't have known that anything was happening. As Lord and Thomas explained to their clients, "It is not enough to be right; it is also necessary to seem right." During those seven months Lord and Thomas were carefully arranging matters so that their clients should "seem right."

All the information I give you here I got from a report sent out by Lord and Thomas to prospective advertisers. This report was a sort of boast. In it Lord and Thomas pointed out that the chain stores had as their natural allies three groups of people:

1. *Their employees.* There are 40,000 of these in California. But many of them were opposed to the chain stores because their pay was small, their hours long, and their treatment bad.

2. *The producers and processors* (processors are middlemen) of goods handled by the chain stores. Many of these were opposed to the chains because they too felt that they hadn't been fairly treated. They claimed that they had suffered from many an abuse which had forced down their profits and sometimes driven them into bankruptcy.

3. *Their customers.* These appreciated the low prices, but many of them knew and sympathized with the troubles of the employees and the producers.

Lord and Thomas went systematically to work on all three groups. Gravely they tell what they did about the employee group. First they said to the chain stores:

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"You've got to stop using numbers for your employees. You've got to call them by name." The clerks were numbers until the owners wanted their votes. After that, clerks "doffed their anonymity and put on neat badges giving names and titles." They were then entered on card catalogues with all kinds of personal data. Here and there a salary was raised, and here and there hours were cut. There was a sudden outburst of parties, picnics, glee clubs, orchestras, athletic games, and dances, "with the blessing and cooperation of the management." When a worker had a baby or a wedding anniversary, he got a pleasant letter from the boss. For an accident or illness or death in the family there was a letter of regret and sometimes even a little "practical help." Lord and Thomas say that the workers responded by a new interest in their employers' problems, including the tax. Among the festive preparations was a movie called "The Spirit of '36." You can imagine what that was like.

Endowed with a name instead of a number, the happy recipient of a form letter of sympathy, and member of a glee club, the employee soon came around to the boss's side. He then was trained to tell his friends and relatives the whole story so that they would line up for the referendum, or, as the report says, "the employee had facts and technique for presenting the problem to outsiders."

At the same time Lord and Thomas were working with the second of the natural groups of friends who were so unnatural as not to be friendly. In 1934 the grocery chains bought $229,000,000 worth of goods in California, the agency discovered. Each chain made a list of the sellers of these goods. Many were farmers, and some of these had also sold their products to the same chains outside the state. To these farmers Lord and Thomas sent men to make speeches, but that was a pretty obvious attempt to influence them. Not so obvious were the special chain-store drives, like that on canned peaches. As you probably know, California grows nearly all the peaches canned in the country. These drives were intended to show the farmer that the chains were stabilizing his market. The chain stores also had special sales of dried fruits and other farm products.

For the first time Lord and Thomas brought together the heads of the chains and the heads of marketing organizations and other groups to which most of the farmers belong. As a result of these conferences the chain stores gave up a number of injurious practices, such as unreasonable quantity discounts, loss leaders on agricultural products, and unearned advertising allowances. For instance, when a chain bought a certain amount of a product, it demanded a special discount which was to be used in advertising. Sometimes it was so used and sometimes it was not. The practice was seriously abused. The same thing occurred with unreasonable quantity discounts. (The Tydings-Miller bill stopped some of this abuse but not all of it.) These matters and one or two others were arranged in the conferences. On the whole the farmers were pleased with what they gained in these get-togethers.

The chain stores are often charged with indifference in local community-welfare work; so Lord and Thomas proceeded to teach the local managers "the importance of civic affairs and community movements," and "more frequently than ever," says the report, chain-store managers went to meetings of chambers of commerce, clubs, and other groups. Managers were allowed to give donations of money and merchandise on their own authority. And, perhaps even more significant, in dealing with landlords, bankers, real-estate and insurance agents, the chains became more polite.

A large staff of speakers was busy day and night with the farm groups, business men's clubs, and women's clubs. Any gathering could have a speaker for nothing. Sometimes by seven o'clock in the morning a speaker had already addressed three meetings. One of them began with a colored janitors' meeting at 4 a. m.

This ran on for seven months. Then suddenly newspaper advertising and a radio program burst upon the state. Each Monday evening on the radio came the California Hour. Politics was not mentioned; there was music and in each program a salute to some locality in California; also each program included a professional or amateur performer from that locality. In sixty minutes there were only three or four commercial announcements, and those brief. Prizes were given for essays on the chain-store situation. All of this was deftly done; the benefits of the chains were pointed out but not much was said about the tax.

Meanwhile, of course, the pro-tax people were keeping busy. But they were bewildered and at a loss. According to Lord and Thomas, the head of the pro-tax association said: "I wish the chains would come out in the open and fight. I'm afraid of this velvet touch."

The primaries were held in August. Between the primaries and the elections two months elapsed, and during those two months the chains "took off their gloves." The newspapers were deluged with material. Important people in chains had personal talks with newspaper publishers. The speakers' bureau began to talk about the tax itself.

Some of the advertising was slick. There's a chain in California which sells "See's Home-Made Candies." These are supposedly made or owned or devised or something by Grandma See. Is there a Grandma See? People whom I asked in California laughed at the question. But these anti-tax advertisements showed a picture of a lovely Grandma See, kind-faced, white-haired, and eighty-two years old, looking friendly and saying, "Do you want to put me out of business?" Through all this advertising ran a magnificent slogan: "22 is a tax on you. Vote no." For the chains were not relying purely on pity and sympathy for Grandma See, old and sweet though she might be, but were building on the surer basis of saving money for the customer. The organization as a whole didn't appear in most of these ads. They were signed by the separate chains.

Then Lord and Thomas got an accidental break. The supporters of the bill, the little stores, collected some money, and it turned out that the man at the head of the money-raising outfit took 40 per cent of all he col-

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lected. Lord and Thomas took good care to expose him.

During the last few weeks everything was speeded up. Extra radio talks came over the air. Double cards appeared in street cars and buses; outdoor posters, theater slides, lapel buttons, windshield stickers, bumper strips were dealt out. Other organizations turned out to help. Indignant protests against the bill came from the Commonwealth Club of California, the state Chamber of Commerce, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the California Consumers' Conference, and so on.

Mass-meetings two hours long were held in auditoriums. These were really shows. Most of the time was taken up with entertainment by professional talent. Handsome prizes, such as radios and waffle-irons, were given away at the door. The show was entirely free. Tickets were given out by the clerks of the local chain store. Fifty of these meetings were held in the Los Angeles area alone before election, and an average of more than 1,500 persons attended each one.

Lord and Thomas seem especially proud of the last meeting of the campaign. This was on November 2, the night before election, in the Central Avenue section (colored) of Los Angeles. It was called "East Side Mardi Gras," and had an all-colored program; master of ceremonies, speakers, projection operators, audience—all were colored. Some 1,800 persons came. In the same district, on the same night, two rival candidates for the office of district attorney of Los Angeles County spoke. Each attracted about 150 people, although this was a bitter fight.

Then came Election Day, but Lord and Thomas didn't sit back and wait. The chain-store employees made lists of their relatives and friends, and set to work on them. Many of the relatives and friends acted as volunteers. There was an intensive registration drive. Big-scale maps full of pins showed where the employees lived. They were organized on a military basis: one worker to each district (precinct, it is called in the report); one lieutenant for each twenty precincts; a captain for each ten lieutenants; a major for each five captains. On Election Day the employees were told to see every voter opposed to the tax and make sure he voted, take him to the polls if necessary. In Los Angeles County over 5,000 employees gave part of their day to this, and 60 per cent of all chain-store employees did some actual work on it.

Polls had been taken in the course of the campaign. In August only 39 per cent were opposed to the bill; in September, 54 per cent. On Election Day the bill was voted down by 64 per cent of the voters.

After it was over, Lord and Thomas interviewed the voters and got some interesting notes on why they voted as they did. The most effective argument with those who voted for the repeal of the bill had been that it raised the cost of living. On the other side the best argument had been that the chains were monopolies. More women than men had been moved by the argument about the rise in the cost of living, and more rural voters than urban voters. More men than women objected to monopoly in business, and more urban than rural voters.

That is how Lord and Thomas went to the people of California; only the people of California didn't know anything about Lord and Thomas, and don't now.

No Time for Economy

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

THE violence of the business recession during the past six months has been such that a comparison with 1929 is inevitable. What at first appeared to be purely a Wall Street setback is now reflected in every economic indicator, and fear is spreading throughout the nation that recovery, which, after all, never attained really impressive proportions, is about to be replaced by a depression comparable to the last. It is a moment of near panic in which cool consideration is the first essential. Yet in their desire for quick action the controllers of our economic destinies are threatening to repeat the performance of the Gadarene swine.

In any analysis of the situation a useful start may be made by comparing conditions with those obtaining in the summer of 1929. Then money rates were rising to fantastic heights—a sure sign of an overripe boom. Today money is cheap and the machinery is available for making it cheaper. In the months preceding the 1929 break there were indications of overproduction in many directions; stocks of commodities were accumulating in the face of unprecedented consumption; inventories were excessively swollen owing to the popular belief that Hoover and Mellon had discovered the secret of unbroken prosperity. Earlier this year, prior to the Wall Street collapse, stocks of many industrial raw materials were in short supply, and the fact that they are once more expanding is due to the sudden withdrawal of demand. That is to say, it is symptomatic rather than causal.

Another way in which the present situation differs from that of 1929 is its more local character. In the earlier year the decline was obvious in Europe several months before it set in here. Today there is very little sign of recession in other major industrial countries, and the recent decline in aggregate world trade has been traced mainly to American influences. Most important of all, we have at present clear evidence of a shortage of real capital, as contrasted with an excessive expansion of productive capacity in many industries in 1929. Then we were consuming too little and investing too much. Now

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consumption is certainly not excessive, but it is capable of supporting a much larger volume of investment.

The doctors of Wall Street and Washington are in general agreement that the root of our present malady is in the capital-goods industries and that a revival of investment is essential if the recession is to be checked. Since midsummer the new-issue market has been completely comatose, and the unanimity with which entrepreneurs have declined to engage in any fresh activity has not unnaturally led to the belief that we are faced with a "sitdown strike" on the part of capital. Certainly recent words and actions of representatives of business have lent color to this theory. A heavy and effectively aimed barrage of propaganda has sent Congress scuttling around in wild confusion, and everything has been done to build up the belief that only by drastic revision of the New Deal can confidence be restored and capital induced to function.

In spite of the abundant malice which business bears toward Washington—is it the hatred commonly engendered by the good friend who seeks to curb our vices?—I doubt if there has been any organized conspiracy. Rather there is at the moment an attempt to capitalize fear and snatch such advantages as can be gained from a situation which was not consciously created or desired by business. A similar drive was witnessed in Britain in 1931 when financial interests, seizing the opportunity afforded by the world crisis, attacked the pound sterling and broke the Labor government. If there is not a plot, what is it that has hit us? That question can best be answered by tracing briefly the economic history of the past twelve months.

A year ago the Administration's pump-priming theory seemed to be justifying itself perfectly. Private industry was taking up the load, and after many false starts recovery really appeared to be well on the way. There was a steady rise in all the economic indicators; employment was increasing; business generally was making profits. Although the New Deal policies, now denounced as completely destructive of business confidence, were then in operation, although the undistributed-profits tax was already in force, although the Securities and Exchange Commission was in active supervision of the market, although, in short, the economic picture, in so far as government regulation of business is concerned, was much the same as it is today, yet in the fall of 1936 business was freely planning renewals and expansion and finding no difficulty in persuading investors to put up the money.

Apparently the time was ripe for Washington to relinquish the pump handle to the reinvigorated grip of private enterprise. Indeed, before the new year was many weeks old, there were signs that recovery was getting out of hand. Wall Street was back at its old game of discounting profits for the next ten years on the basis of estimates for the next quarter. Commodity markets went hog-wild, following a sudden sharp upturn in world demand due in large part to rearmament. Stocks of industrial raw materials, particularly metals, were eaten into more rapidly than production could be expanded. So far as most of these commodities were concerned, this was a very temporary movement, since production could be, and was, speedily jacked up. However, Wall Street made it an excuse for further pyrotechnics, and Washington became alarmed. The President issued a stern warning against overspeculation; a new shot of deflation was injected by an increase in member-bank reserve requirements of 50 per cent (in addition to the similar increase in August, 1936); steps were taken to cut federal spending on recovery and relief with a view to bringing in sight that dim day when the budget was to be balanced.

In the fiscal year 1937 expenditure on recovery and relief, according to the Treasury returns, was some $445 million less than in 1936—a decline of roughly 12½ per cent. In the past four months this tendency has been accelerated, with expenditure for the four months July to October, inclusive, $430 million below the corresponding period of 1936—a fall of 38 per cent. But this is not the whole of the Administration's deflationary activity. There is also the matter of the pay-roll taxes which are being employed to build up the social-security reserve, already amounting to over $400 million. This money, taken directly out of the consumers' pockets, instead of being invested in real assets, is placed week by week in government securities. True, this permits the release of equivalent funds to private bondholders, mainly banks, but since the banks are tending to reduce their holdings of government securities without increasing private loans to the same extent, the net result is a definite reduction in national purchasing power.

Meanwhile, what of private enterprise? Has it released from its reservoirs a life-giving flow of capital to compensate for the reduced stream from the federal dam? On the contrary, no sooner were the government sluices closed than private enterprise followed suit. At the beginning of the year, when federal expenditure was still at a fairly high level, new corporate bond issues were averaging over $100 million a week. There was a sharp downward turn in mid-March, and since then the tendency has been an irregularly declining one up to the present point, where new financing is practically at a standstill. According to *Barron's,* bond and stock offerings for the first ten months of this year totaled $3,602 million, compared with $5,147 million in 1936. We have had, then, accompanying a sharp reduction in public investment, an even more severe decline in private investment.

We may well ask: What went wrong in the spring of this year? Why should capitalist confidence, that tender plant on which our destinies depend, bloom in December and wither in June? Our industrial and financial giants had begged and demanded that the budget be balanced. Why, then, should they wilt when the fulfilment of their prayers seemed on the way? The answer, I think, is that the real force behind last year's recovery was a belief that inflation, if not just around the next corner, was not more than a few blocks away. Hence it was better to hold goods than money, better to exchange liquid resources for real assets. This argument received apparent support from the sudden upsurge in commodities, which, as has already been suggested, was due to

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temporary maladjustment rather than to any long-term shortage of supplies. When the President, outraged at the relapse of Wall Street into drunken habits, snatched away the bottle, inflationary dreams vanished. It is not safe to deprive those dependent on alcohol too suddenly of all stimulant, and in this instance it was all the more dangerous in that the contents of the bottle were not nearly so potent as everyone thought. There was, in fact, very little danger of real inflation and hence good rather than harm in a belief that it was on the way, lacking a better method of promoting long-term investment.

The first response to the Administration's campaign for greater sobriety was a severe correction of Wall Street values. That in itself did little harm to anyone save overextended speculators. What was damaging to the economy of the country as a whole was the reaction of the managers of industry. Their immediate problem was not serious, for order books were in good condition; but the prospects for the future, on which plans for renewal and extension of plant depended, suddenly looked bleak. Costs had risen, which would not have acted as a deterrent if the outlook had suggested a rise in the price level. But the deflationary determination of the Administration made this improbable. Consequently business executives began to think of retrenchment rather than expansion, canceled capital commitments where possible, and refused to consider new ones. Perhaps if entrepreneurs' decisions were really based, as they are in the economic textbooks, on cool calculations, more weight might have been given to the abundance of cheap money and the rising trend of purchasing power. But as J. M. Keynes has pointed out: "Enterprise only pretends to itself to be mainly actuated by the statements in its own prospectus, however candid and sincere. . . . Thus if animal spirits are dimmed and the spontaneous optimism falters, leaving us to depend on nothing but a mathematical expectation, enterprise will fade and die; though fears of loss may have a basis no more reasonable than hopes of profit had before."

Last July there was a brief revival on Wall Street, based apparently on the way business had been maintained during the summer. But well-informed operators were not impressed. They knew that insiders were using the upturn to lighten their holdings; that new investments were not being planned, and that as a result the heavy industries would be checked as soon as orders in hand were filled. Before the end of August the news began to seep through to the general public and the market broke in earnest. Now the managers of industry, whose drooping spirits had started the slide, saw in the behavior of Wall Street a justification of their worst fears. Rapidly the boundless optimism of the early spring was forgotten; gloom became melancholia; and melancholia passed into hysteria—a highly infectious disease.

Rationalizing its terrors, business has no difficulty either in tracing the cause of the decline or in naming the cure. No reference is made to the government's deflationary measures. Indeed, how could there be, since these are things for which business has clamored? The loss of confidence is blamed on high taxation and on government regulation of and interference with industry. A more or less complete surrender of the New Deal is asked before business will consent to resume its functions and save the country from depression. It is as if the most violent inmates of a lunatic asylum demanded the right to prescribe a course of treatment as the price of good behavior.

Nevertheless, there is the gravest danger that the blackmailing tactics of business will be successful. If they are, President and Congress may as well abdicate their powers to a Soviet of Economic Royalists under the chairmanship of Morgan, for it will have been demonstrated that whatever the people of this country may vote for, no progressive law may be passed if it disturbs business confidence; that the future pace of the army of democracy must be that of its most reactionary capitalist.

Are other methods of halting the recession open to the Administration? I believe they are. Unlike the British Labor government, its hands are not tied in the monetary field, and it can easily reverse the engines of credit deflation. There is no serious danger of a flight from the dollar, for, let the owning classes wail as they will, they know there is no safe bolt-hole outside the United States. Already something is being done to pump additional credit into the system by a release of a part of the sterilized gold reserve and by the Federal Reserve Board's resumption of open-market purchases of government securities. The steady pursuit of this policy, to the point where interest rates were definitely lowered, would encourage industry to borrow new capital and purchasers of tax-free bonds to seek higher-yielding investments.

Cheap credit alone will not turn the wheels of industry, particularly if the demand for consumption goods is falling. One way of helping to maintain purchasing power would be to halt the decline of government work relief. Congress should appropriate additional funds. Investment in public works should be enlarged and speeded up.

One concession to private enterprise might be considered. The principle of the undistributed-profits tax ought certainly to be retained, but it might be wise to suspend its application to certain industries, for example, the railroads and the utilities, where there is clearly both a need for new plant and a special difficulty in raising new funds on the open market. Naturally exemption should be conditional on the retained profits being invested in real new assets. Amended in this manner, the tax might well become a valuable weapon of social control, assisting the direction of investment into the most desirable channels.

It may be objected that this program would remove to the distant future the balancing of the budget. Perhaps; but so would the concessions demanded by business, and so, still more, would the continuance of this recession until it becomes a depression. It may also be said that the program enhances the danger of inflation. That is too long and involved a matter to be argued here; but I would suggest that at present inflation is utilized far too much as a bogy. Personally I would prefer to see it used as a carrot to stimulate the progress of the reluctant capitalist donkey.

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The Left Prepares for War

BY LUDWIG LORE

"MR. STALIN understands and fully approves the national-defense policy of France in keeping her armed forces at a level required for security." With this simple, matter-of-fact statement the joint communiqué which announced the conclusion of the Franco-Russian Non-Aggression Pact in May, 1935, prepared the parties of the Communist International for the reversal of its official position on armaments and war. There had been signs and portents of the coming change for some time. In May, 1934, Litvinov had startled the world by declaring in the Disarmament Conference that the League must be enabled to give aid to any nation threatened with aggressive attack by another, "whether such aid be moral, economic, financial, or otherwise." The implication that the peaceful nations must arm against all would-be aggressors was obvious and Moscow did not deny it. "If we may believe Litvinov," the New York *Times* commented at the time, "the Russians are now prepared to give up their revolutionary propaganda in other countries and to associate themselves with the leading nations . . . to work out together the joint problems of civilization."

The Communist parties themselves were the last to recognize or accept the new state of affairs. They were accustomed to discounting such statements from Moscow as gestures made for political expediency, though they roundly condemned anyone who dared suggest that this was the case. As a consequence of this mental "double bookkeeping" they were totally unprepared for the open shift when it came. The *Daily Worker* in New York was taken so unawares that it accused the capitalist press in general and also the writer of this article of having falsified Stalin's statement, and even went so far as to print a class-angled, expurgated version of the Moscow communiqué. When the truth could no longer be denied, there was an avalanche of explanations and rationalizations, with much quoting of Lenin and berating of Laval and the French capitalists, in the Communist press here and abroad.

The late Vaillant-Couturier, editor of *l'Humanité,* for instance, expressed himself thus in his paper:

> Does this mean that we are about to revise our position on national defense? No! Will we halt our struggle against the munition makers? No! Will we cease voting against war credits? No! Will we discontinue our defense of the soldiers against the fascist cadres in the army and against their counter-revolutionary pressure? No!
>
> The bourgeois state and the army of the bourgeoisie remain the instruments of oppression over the people which we wish to smash in order to set up the dictatorship of the proletariat and to win the country for Soviet power.

Maurice Thorez, general secretary of the Communist Party of France, took a more realistic attitude. At a mass-meeting celebrating the conclusion of the Franco-Russian pact he explained the party's new policy as follows:

> If Hitler goes to war with the U. S. S. R., what action will the Communist Party take? Will it act in accordance with its slogan and "turn war into civil war"? Emphatically, no! For in this case we should not be fighting an imperialist war but an attack on the U. S. S. R.

This new conception of class relations which regards the capitalist state as the ward of the labor movement was quickly accepted by Communists everywhere. In Holland the central organ of the party, the *Tribuna,* published this appeal on July 11, 1936:

> For the unity of the Dutch people! For the inviolability of Holland's borders! For the independence of the Netherlands! . . . Guard the militant defenses of the Netherlands as the price we must pay for peace and security.

Rude Pravo, the organ of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party, on November 27, 1936, burst into this hymn of praise for the Czech army:

> Today no honest worker in the republic can be against the army and armaments. Our soldiers deserve the best we can give them. We must all be prepared to take weapon in hand against threatening fascism. We want these weapons to be the best money can buy. We want enough of them. We must all sacrifice for the army.

For a while the executive committee of the Czech C. P. opposed such outbursts as deviations from the true line of communism. Then official opinion underwent a sudden change, and a number of prominent party members who refused to conform to the new "strategy" were expelled.

In this connection it may be of interest to recall the resolution on militarism and armaments adopted by the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International in August, 1935:

> The Communist parties of all capitalist countries must fight against military expenditures, for the recall of military forces from colonies and mandated territories, against militarization as conducted by their imperialist governments, especially against the militarization of women, youth, and unemployed.

This resolution was never withdrawn, but there is not a Communist Party in Europe that follows its dictates. Wherever the party does not vote openly for armament budgets, it gives a negative consent by refusing to vote.

The Socialist parties fell into line with only a pretense of reluctance. Most of them had representatives in their respective governments and were already bound by their

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participation to vote for military credits. This was the case in Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Germany (before Hitler). Indeed, most of these parties had supported their governments so completely and without reservations during the World War that it would have been difficult for them to do otherwise later. There were serious differences of opinion only in the Socialist Party of Switzerland, where the Socialists had always been militantly anti-militaristic, and in England, where the Labor Party had been under the influence of pacifist leaders of the Ponsonby-Lansbury school. In the Scandinavian countries, where the workers' and peasants' organizations had always been strongly pacifist, the labor governments were forced to carry on an active campaign for increased armaments, in which they pictured the dangers of a German fascist invasion in its most distressing aspects.

In England the Trades Union Congress decided last August to support the government's military program, and four weeks later the Labor Party followed suit. Its group in the House of Commons had dodged the issue by deciding to abstain from voting on the armaments bill, for it felt that voting against increased armaments was no longer consonant with the interests of the workers it represented. The rise of fascism in Europe and the war-readiness of the German and Italian governments seemed to make a change in the party's position on national defense imperative. On the other hand, the cold-blooded foreign policy of the Conservatives who calmly betrayed the high ideals of the League of Nations in Abyssinia, Spain, and China rather than endanger their imperialist and class interests made the wisdom of draining the nation's resources to defend these aims a debatable matter. Both congresses came to the conclusion, however, that the fascist danger was the more immediate. They decided that Britain's imperial interests would force the Tories to back the fight for democracy against fascist aggression even against their own wishes, and adopted resolutions supporting the government's armament program with overwhelming majorities.

Offhand it seems axiomatic that labor should take an anti-militarist, anti-war position, for in the last analysis it is labor that pays the bill in life and human progress. The Socialist parties of Europe deserted this position during the World War, it is true, but repented when the great crisis was past. In post-war Germany "Nie wieder Krieg!" was the chief slogan of the Social Democracy during the entire Weimar period. In England all sections of the labor movement were pledged to a militant pacifism. A poll conducted by the British League of Nations Union in 1935 showed that a peace policy was wholeheartedly supported by British Laborites and by an overwhelming majority of the British people. In France the Socialist Party voted against military appropriations and denied the obligation of the working class to provide for national defense. Léon Blum wrote in 1930, in his book "No Peace Without Disarmament,"

> International peace could be assured if we would all banish distrust and lay down our arms. The united efforts of the working class will bring peace to the world.

That sounds hollow and ineffectual now, but it was the accepted position of world labor before and after the World War.

If the last five years have taught us anything it is that such intransigent absolutes are too brittle to withstand the pressure of reality. Radicals and progressives have been choosing between impossible alternatives ever since the fight for progress and democracy began. In the French Revolution Robespierre strenuously opposed war with Austria until the counter-revolutionary armies of the European monarchies invaded French territory. Then the Jacobins joined their political opponents at home in a common front against the foreign foe. They did not, however, establish a "civil peace," but fought the French bourgeoisie on every important national issue. Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels admitted more than once that the experiences of the French Revolution influenced their own evaluation of the question of war and national defense. In the early years of their political activity, during the revolutionary period of 1848, they called on the German masses to defend their fatherland in the event of a Russian invasion, not by subordinating their interests to their feudal and bourgeois oppressors, but by mobilizing the masses against all oppression. The bourgeoisie might proclaim a war with Russia; the lovers of liberty would be fighting not Russia but czarism, wherever its manifestations might make themselves felt—czarism, that is, at home as well as abroad.

There is no parallel to World War conditions in the present situation. Italy's announcement that it has joined the German-Japanese anti-Communist alliance and Germany's cooperation with Italy in Spain and the Mediterranean must convince even the most skeptical that the coming of fascism has imposed on every country and every person in the world the duty to take a stand for or against authoritarian rule. In this connection we may differ in our evaluation of Soviet Russia's new democracy, but in any event the Soviet Union has been and will be for many years to come a powerful force for world peace. The center of gravity of its economic system still lies in the masses, while fascism represents the last stage of economic concentration in the hands of a capitalist imperialist state.

There has always been a basic difference between the anti-war attitude of the pure and simple pacifist and labor's opposition to war. The pacifist condemns war because he condemns all violence in human relationships. Socialists and Communists also abhor war but recognize that under certain conditions war may be the only defense against intolerable oppression. The rise of fascism makes this a question which, sooner or later, every thinking human being will have to decide. I faced the issue for the first time in the fall of 1933, six months after Hitler's coming to power. Traveling through Central and Western Europe, I found that working-class leaders were preoccupied almost to the exclusion of every other issue with the question of what was then called a "preventive war." Germany was making an open bid for Austrian Anschluss. The Saar, Memel, and Danzig were all burn-

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ing issues. As yet Germany was unprepared. Should the democracies wait until it would be ready to meet them on equal terms? The governments of Europe were ready to strike; if the British approved, their armies would march. As was to be expected, London refused. The plan of a preventive war died in birth, and Germany was able ...ontinue its rearmament undisturbed.

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... deeply shocked at the ti...

Nobody doubts [Marcel Pivert, of the left wing of the French Social Democracy, explained] that Germany is looking for an opportunity to attack. It cannot afford to wait too long. Keeping an army at war-time efficiency is bankrupting business. Besides, armaments become outmoded very rapidly. Unless you keep them up to the standards of your opponents you are licked from the start. What are the class-conscious workers to do? There

Issues and Men

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I was de... time, less by the idea of another war, which in the nature of things would have been a brief one, than by the obvious disappointment of European radicals when the war failed to materialize. Liberals, Socialists, and Communists alike had looked forward to a punitive expedition against the Third Reich as the only way out of an intolerable situation. They had counted the cost and thought it not too great to save the world from immeasurable degradation.

Last summer I went to Europe again. The first horror over the coming of Hitler had subsided. Refugees had adjusted themselves to their status. Conditions in the Reich had achieved a certain stabilization. It was natural to expect resigned submission to the inevitable. Instead I found the masses everywhere prepared for the worst. The millions who for decades had fought a stubborn, unceasing battle against militarism now supported the arms program of their respective governments. The equivocal position of their anti-militarist stand had been brought home to them when they clamored for sanctions against Italy and again when they urged their governments to come to the aid of the Spanish republic. In Denmark I was told by Mr. Alsing Andersen, Socialist Minister of Defense:

> We have been pacifists too long. Our comrades have learned their lesson so well that the liberal democrats must hold them back. The government has increased the war strength of our army from 10,000 to 67,000, and our own friends want even more.

Dr. Koht, Foreign Minister of Norway, who visited the United States a few weeks ago, told much the same story:

> If the Norwegian Labor Party had one function in the past, it was to fight against armaments. Now we are all agreed that there will have to be a showdown before things can get better. We are prepared. There is no other way.

Dr. Pauli, editor of Stockholm's largest daily, the *Socialdemokraten,* spoke of the coming war with the same resigned acceptance of the inevitable:

> Europe will have to fight its way out of this mess. Swedish workers were pacifists. Today they are up in arms, for even the children know that Hitler has his eyes on Sweden's rich natural resources.

I found this spirit wherever I went—in France, in Belgium, in Holland. Socialists and Communists no longer talked of revolution. They discussed military problems and weighed the pros and cons of diplomatic alliances. "Why discuss war as if it were inevitable?" I asked. "Why not try to find ways and means of preventing it?" "That," they replied, "is futile. We have our eyes open. Perhaps we see things clearly for the first time."

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> the answer. All wars were ...
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> that the workers of the warring nations t
> capitalist wars for profit into civil wars for
> revolution. It seemed as simple as that. . . . Fa
> set new problems. If Germany were to invad
> today, the French worker would be defending n
> his country but that freedom which is the basis o
> human progress and human happiness. . . . We kn
> our French reactionaries and we know the British Tories.
> They have not changed. They are as selfish and as reactionary as they were in 1918. But we have learned. In 1914 we were French patriots. In the coming conflict we will be workers first, fighting against a common enemy and acutely aware that our own reactionary rulers will betray us if it seems to their advantage.

"Do you believe that another European war will end in a social revolution?" I asked S. Grumbach, Socialist vice-chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the French Chamber of Deputies. He answered:

> I no longer speak or think in terms of social revolution in connection with these questions. One does not work out plans for a castle in Spain when the roof is burning over one's head. What we need now is a powerful, united labor movement, so firmly rooted in the soil of our democracy that no fascist whirlwind, from within or without, can sweep it off the face of the earth. How can we build for the world revolution when our labor movement rests on shifting sands and we know that any day may bring the storm that will tear the ground from under their weak foundations? Frankly, I cannot see how the workers anywhere can hope to wage a successful fight against the capitalist system as long as fascism holds Germany in its power.

These men speak for the European working class. They are not nationalists. They speak and think in terms of the international labor movement, though they realize that the fight against fascism will, in the nature of things, emphasize national rather than international problems and will be fought on national rather than international lines. The international working-class movement recognizes that fascism will force war on a peace-loving world and that a victory of the bloc of fascist nations would be a deathblow to democracy and to labor.

By adopting the neutrality legislation the United States tried to stay out of European and Asiatic quarrels. It succeeded in the case of Spain, though that was not particularly to its credit. Now that the Japanese are invading China to get control of Chinese commerce and finances, American financial and industrial interests are demanding intervention. Labor's stake is not of that sort. It sees its progress toward better living and working conditions endangered by fascist victories and knows that it must fight for its most vital rights.

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nusual editorial called America's Aloofness, ınto three parts, the New York *Times* on ɔer 30 railed against the "isolationists and Congress and their vociferous supporters in .ıry" who are "chiefly responsible" for the loss ıership in world affairs by the United States and mpotence of the Nine-Power Conference in Brussels. ıese wicked pacifists and isolationists believe, it seems, that we can stay out of any world conflict," and they oppose any strong peace measures by this government "even though to abstain from such might mean the loss of freedom to those who regard it as highly as they themselves, and an impairment of liberty to men and women in this very hemisphere." In recent years, the *Times* declares, these miscreant Americans have seized upon every occasion when our government was "seeking to express its scruples of conscience against treaty-breaking and aggression, to proclaim that in no circumstances would this people do anything effective to restore moral standards among nations." The *Times* asserts that as far back as when Japan seized Manchoukuo these pacifists and isolationists gave notice that it was the fixed future policy of the United States to keep out of war "however clear the threat to our own institutions."

The editorial then attacks the Neutrality Act, which, it seems, serves notice to the world that the United States is only out to save its own skin and will stand by and see the world remade on fascist lines without interference and "without understanding that this would mean anything dangerous to us at all." But in the third section the *Times* is frightened by its own boldness and says that "this is not a preachment for war measures. The people of the United States are set against military expeditions, and rightly so." And then it goes on to list some effective peace measures short of war, like a trade treaty between England and America, public and private cooperation between the two countries, and understandings on trade, money, and credit which "will serve as certain weapons against treaty-breakers." If our government will only publicize the fact that we will stand sympathetically with the great democracies in measures short of war, "without resort to the substance of sanctions or war," all will be well. "Treaty-breakers and dictators will then take prudent council among themselves."

To me this is one of the most inconsistent and ill-informed editorials I have ever read, but the *Times* announced the next day that it had met with great acclaim in Washington. Now as one who is pretty close to the peace movement in this country I want to ask the *Times* what all the shooting is about. The bulk of the peace movement as I know it is entirely for measures short of war *which will not lead to war,* and it will heartily welcome the accession of Mr. Finley and Mr. Sulzberger of the *Times* to its ranks. The only split in the peace movement is over the question of what measures short of war may be utilized without actually precipitating hostilities. If the *Times* could throw some light on that it would give us a worth-while editorial. Most of the peace movement, I know, is ready for measures of non-intercourse with outlaw countries, such as the *Times* suggests; the dissenters are only those who feel that this might lead to war. It is true that the peace movement is absolutely opposed to any hard-and-fast alliance with Great Britain, but I know no pacifist who is not willing to have this country tell the world again and again and again that morally and spiritually it stands with the democracies abroad, and that it will aid them in their fight against fascism if they are sincere about it—which the recent course of the British government renders highly doubtful —provided always that we, as the *Times* demands, are not drawn into war.

The *Times* flatters the pacifists and isolationists enormously when it tells them that they and not President Roosevelt and the Congress are formulating the foreign policy of America. But here I want to impart a piece of news to the *Times* which is quite fit for that newspaper to print. It is that the American people are overwhelmingly opposed to any measures leading to war; in my long experience as a journalist I have never seen public opinion so united on any other question as on this. The politicians in Washington know it, and if they strengthen the neutrality law at the coming session of Congress it will be for that reason and not because of any influence of the pacifists and isolationists. The *Times* might even ask the Postmaster General, who certainly has "both ears to the ground," why he recently made a speech at Portland, Oregon, giving the most positive assurances that this Administration would take no step whatever to put us into war. Honestly, John Finley, didn't that have a much greater effect on the fascist nations than any of the pronunciamientos of our peace societies that you so deplore?

A sad thing about all this, as the *Times* will soon find out, is that its editorial will not satisfy its English and French friends. They will be content with nothing less than a promise that if necessary we will go to war for them, as we were persuaded to do in 1917. London and Paris will wail when they read that, so far as war and overseas expeditions are concerned, the *Times* has gone over to the pacifists.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE PORTRAIT OF A PARADOX

BY MARVIN LOWENTHAL

EVERY few years Heinrich Heine persuades someone to write or publish a book about him in English—not dull or purely scholarly studies but breathing and living portraits. Yet there is no great European author probably less read in English-speaking circles. It is easy to see what has attracted such recent biographers as Lewis Browne, Elsa Weihl, Ludwig Marcuse, and Antonina Vallentin; for Heine the man is as fascinating and perplexing, as gay and pathetic a character as ever walked—and danced—and stumbled—across the stage of literary history. Just why the public has not sufficiently fallen under the spell of this fascination to turn from reading about the man to enjoying the author is harder to understand; for, as Fritz Mauthner once said, Heine's writings do not yet belong to literary history—they are still *alive*. It is as though Heine too were still alive and not content until he had stung an admirer into introducing him successfully into the English world.

The latest and, I can't help feeling, the most promising candidate is Louis Untermeyer.* In one volume he gives us Heine's life and in another original translations of some five hundred of the poems. The biographical details and the poetry are selected to complement one another, to depict what is undoubtedly Mr. Untermeyer's major interest in the subject, and consequently to present a unified portrait. As in all portraits we therefore see but one pose.

"Paradox" is the term Mr. Untermeyer uses for the posture in which he has caught and painted Heine the man. Indeed, it offers contradictions of character and circumstance to fill many volumes. The boy Heine was born in 1797, of Jewish parents, in a German city while it was under French rule. He was educated in a Jewish *cheder* and then in a Catholic school run by "liberal" Jesuits. His mother hoped to train the romantic daydreaming lad into a diplomat, a general, a banker, into anything but a poet. Before his teens were over, he had seen the fall of Napoleon, and with it the vanishment of equal rights and humanitarian ideals, and Germany returned to grim reaction, and her Jews to an accompanying blast of anti-Semitism. Unrequited love—for a rich cousin—came to him too early, and the wound of it stayed too late. His father's bankruptcy forced him to work at a variety of uncongenial jobs, from storekeeping to studying law, and threw him into permanent dependence upon a cantankerous millionaire uncle who was bedeviled and bewildered to the end of his days by having a genius in the family. All together, Heine's formative years were enough to train and fix his innate talent for appreciating as well as exemplifying the paradoxes of life.

Adroit details drawn from every available source—works, letters, table-talk, contemporary accounts—enable us to follow the manhood of this Quixote-Sancho, Jew-Hellene, aristo-democrat, forever at war with the world and himself. He fought for a German republic, yet believed that the Germans could never become republicans. An impassioned lover of his country, he ragged his countrymen without mercy and spent almost half his days in exile. Struggling for peace between Germany and France and therefore for peace in Europe—"it was the great object of my life"—he nevertheless foresaw and foretold the great wars of nationalism that are still raging and even the world revolution that is to follow. At an early age he quit his spiritual home in Judaism, as a prodigal son "tended Hegelian swine," wandered through the "far countries" of Catholicism, Protestantism, Spinozism, paganism, Saint-Simonism, atheism, and communism, and in the end returned to Jehovah the Father without even the reward of a fatted calf. It was blessing enough, he said, "to know there is someone in heaven to whom I can complain." The greatest of the Romantic poets, he slew romanticism with his arrows of wit and reality, well knowing both that he was killing the thing he loved and that he loved the killing. The most exquisite love-lyricist of his age, he was as unlucky a lover as ever sighed—reduced to pick-ups for a night or a week, and then to lasting and therefore all the more incredible marriage with a shrewish nobody. A man whom on his own word and deed Europe thought to be the incarnation of health and hedonism, the "freest German since Goethe" and the "great pagan number two," he was plagued most of his life by syphilis, which tortured him with its endless masquerades and laid him seven years upon a painful deathbed.

Mr. Untermeyer presses the last ounce of drama, both tragic and comic, from this lifelong paradox. With the skill and divination which his own poetic nature provides he relates each episode in Heine's life to its expression in Heine's poetry. The result may be partly fiction, for no one can wholly penetrate beneath another man's skin. Cool consideration makes one doubt that the poet's disappointment in his puppy love could poison, though it may have colored, his entire career. In retailing the tantrums, squabbles, and weathercock shifts of the daily existence, no provision is made for the long, arduous, and disciplined hours, for the integrity of mind and purpose, that produced ten volumes of enduring

* "Heinrich Heine: Paradox and Poet." By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two Volumes, $6.00 (Volume One: The Life, $3.75; Volume Two, The Poems, $2.75).

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prose and verse. Heine's faults, genuine enough, are not given the perspective of being placed against the general weaknesses of mankind, and especially of its poets. Twice, for the moment, he probably sold himself, in his relations with Ludwig of Bavaria and with the French government. But what of Goethe who sold his whole adult life for the title of privy councilor to a minuscule duchy?

But it is convincing fiction. We live and laugh and weep with Heine, once from his birth to his death in 1856, and again—feeling we have caught all their secrets—in his deathless poems.

The poetry has been given every value a translation can evoke. Mr. Untermeyer is fair enough to tell us that when he deals with sheer songs and lyrics, with poetry as poetry, his translation "is little more than the libretto and that Heine's music can be heard only in the original." So, too, it is only fair to tell Mr. Untermeyer that, for the remainder, when he deals with "narration, wit, and satire," he is superb. And in Heine that remainder accounts for almost the bulk of the verse. The "fan" will wonder at the omission of "Im Hafen" from the North Sea cycle, and of some of the finest stanzas of "Jehuda ben Halevy." But Mr. Untermeyer has created, for many years at least, the definitive English garb of the German poet.

The great gap, obviously deliberate, in treating both the man and his work, is the omission of any proportioned treatment of the prose writer, the journalist, the intuitional thinker and seer. So far as this is intentional—and no one volume can compass the versatility of Heine—it calls for Mr. Untermeyer to return to his desk and do a second book. But as the present job stands, it is strange to see five pages devoted to "Shakespeare's Girls and Women," admittedly a piece of hack work, and only one paragraph to "The Romantic School" and "On Religion and Philosophy in Germany," which are dismissed with the remark that they are "two of his greatest prose works." It is inadequate merely to mention Heine's journalism, his almost daily article over many years, now gathered in "Lutetia" and "The Salon," and not at least remark that for wit, fancy, and political and aesthetic insight he was the father of all modern feuilletonists and columnists—a father who still towers above his offspring. And it is misleading not to dwell on Heine's revolutionary influence over his huge public.

In fact Heine's prose, as something either to be read for joy or studied for a criticism of life, embraces a field so much larger than his verse that its enjoyment or study will give a totally different pose and therefore portrait of the man. What Mr. Untermeyer sees as paradoxes produced by torment become contradictions born of an extreme and wide sensitivity to the clashes and complexities of life itself. In this respect—without the need for bringing in unhappy love affairs, disease, Judaism, or other personal misfortunes—Heine takes his place with an Emerson, a Shakespeare, or a Montaigne. His inconsistencies and his warring views become the measure of the accuracy with which the mirror of his mind reflected the actual world.

"My life work," he says and, like every world spirit, he professed any number of life works, "was the defense of the individual." The individual in and against the universe—this was Heine, not the neurotic, not the self-mocking romanticist, but one of the last men of the Renaissance. It is right that, as now in Germany, he should be damned by the return of an anti-individualist totalitarian age.

STALIN, TROTSKY, AND WILLI SCHLAMM

BY EDMUND WILSON

THE report of the Trotsky Commission* is a remarkably interesting document, which makes one realize the inadequacy, if not frivolity, of the newspaper accounts of the Mexican hearings.

In regard to the question of Trotsky's guilt on the charges brought against him at the Moscow trials, these hearings made public a great deal of material which helps to establish his innocence. As is already well known, the Oslo airdrome reported that no foreign planes had arrived at the time of Pyatakov's supposed visit to Trotsky; and the Hotel Bristol in Copenhagen, where Trotsky's son was alleged to have met Holtzman, no longer existed at that time. The Stalinists later discovered a Bristol Cafe; but Holtzman had testified that he had *stopped* at a Hotel Bristol, and subsequent investigation on the part of the Defense Committee showed that what actually existed was a Konditori Bristol, which had a Grand Hotel with its cafe several doors away.

It is asserted that in a photograph of these buildings published in *Soviet Russia Today* the door of the cafe was blackened out in order to make it appear that the pastry-shop directly adjoined the cafe, and that the words "Konditori" and "Grand" had apparently been suppressed on the signs. Trotsky gives a detailed chronology of his movements and activities during the time when he was supposed to have been conspiring to overthrow the Soviet Union, and a record of his relations or lack of relations with the persons with whom he was supposed to have conspired.

* "The Case of Leon Trotsky: Report of Hearings on the Charges Made Against Him in the Moscow Trials by the Preliminary Commission of Inquiry." Harper and Brothers. $3.

"The Stalin School of Falsification." By Leon Trotsky. Pioneer Publishers. $2.50.

"Stalinism and Bolshevism. Concerning the Historical and Theoretical Roots of the Fourth International." By Leon Trotsky. Pioneer Publishers. 10 cents.

"Letter of an Old Bolshevik: The Key to the Moscow Trials." Rand School Press. 25 cents.

"Diktatur der Lüge: Eine Abrechnung." By Willi Schlamm. Verlag der Aufbruch: Zürich.

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It is always open to the Stalinists to maintain that the conspirators have covered up their traces, that all the persons who have furnished statements and all the members of the commission are Trotskyists and all the documents which emanate from them forgeries. But what seems to me of overwhelming impressiveness is the review of Trotsky's whole career which is presented in the course of the proceedings. The real argument for Trotsky's innocence is indicated by him in answer to a question as to whether it is not conceivable that his desire "to achieve" his "motives" might not have led him to involve himself with Hitler:

> I write articles and letters [replies Trotsky] absolutely hostile to Hitler, to fascism, and to the Japanese militarists. But in secret I enter into relations with Hess. My work, however, according to that opinion, signifies that ninety-nine or, more, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of my time is devoted to camouflage. My whole life is a camouflage, but my real work and action take only one or two hours. . . . I am alleged to have found Hess and discussed with him the manner of the dismemberment of the Soviet Union. After the discussion, I write a new article, in effect contrary to my supposed real work.

No doubt it is true at the present time that the only people outside Russia who swallow the Moscow trials are naive persons who cannot believe that Soviet officials would do such things as would be implied by the frame-up of the old Bolsheviks, persons so ignorant of Russian politics and history that they are disqualified from holding an opinion, and fanatical or job-holding partisans who, if they do not belong to either of the other categories, take the position that all methods are permissible for the maintenance of the Stalinist power. But if there is anyone who is still puzzled by the trials, he should compare the official accounts with these hearings. He should also look into "The Stalin School of Falsification," an old book now first translated into English and important for students of the revolution, which includes documents on the last days of Lenin, suppressed by the Stalinist authorities, and the suppressed minutes of a Bolshevik committee meeting of 1917, and shows the continual plastic surgery on past events which has been going on since Lenin's death.

What is perhaps most shocking in this whole affair is the abysmal degree of credulity assumed by the official caste on the part of the worker population. The widening gap in the Soviet Union between the insiders at the top, who have access to information never allowed to reach the masses, and the public which reads the boiler-plate propaganda unloaded on them by *Pravda* and *Izvestia,* is a fact which gives the key to many happenings likely to seem incomprehensible to an American.

Aside, however, from the light that it throws on the charges of conspiracy, the report of the Trotsky Commission is one of the greatest political interviews ever printed. The commissioners managed to cover in the course of their questions an enormous amount of ground —Trotsky's personal career, the politics of the revolution, the history of the Comintern, the present condition and prospects of the world, and the general philosophy behind Trotsky's opinions. Many of the questions that one would like to ask Trotsky if one were able to subject him to an unlimited interview were asked him in the course of these hearings; and I am not sure that from the point of view of the ordinary non-Marxist reader Trotsky's world-view is not here presented more impressively and more effectively than in his pamphlets and other writings, where the technical language of Marxism sometimes gets between us and the events.

The Soviet Union in its present disturbed phase has become, as Trotsky says, more completely cut off from the outside world than perhaps any great Western nation has ever been. The document called "Letter of an Old Bolshevik," which reaches New York by way of Paris, where it was published by the *Socialist Messenger,* the organ of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, purports to give the political developments inside the Communist Party which have resulted in the propaganda trials. If the document is authentic—and it sounds as if it were—it is of great interest to everyone interested in Russia.

At the end of 1932, says the author of the "Letter of an Old Bolshevik," the situation in Russia was critical. The effects of the famine were so terrible that the workers, with almost nothing to eat, seemed no longer to be capable of producing. Inside the Central Committee and the Politburo there was a strong and predominant feeling that Stalin ought to go out with his program, which had hopelessly antagonized the rural population, and a counter-program was even prepared demanding the abolition of the collectives and granting the peasants economic self-determination. Stalin got hold of a copy of the program and set the G. P. U. on the author and those who had circulated it. There was at this time a growth of terrorist sentiment among the young people of the Komsomol, who had been taught to regard the political assassins as heroes in the struggle against the Czar and who had decided that they were now confronted with an officialdom of the same obdurate kind. Stalin, on his side, with Oriental suspicion connecting these tendencies with the movement inside the party, insisted that the opposition program was practically a provocation to take his life; but Kirov, the president of the Leningrad Soviet, dissuaded the Politburo from condemning the author to death.

Then the harvest the next year turned out abundant, and Stalin, acutely conscious that his political future hung in the balance, saw to it that the peasants brought in the crop. The party—the Russians are always overawed by displays of executive energy—decided that he had justified himself, and there was no longer any question of removing him; but a struggle now began among cliques as to who was to have his ear and control him. In the meantime, at the end of 1933, a genuine Nazi conspiracy was uncovered. The Russians were forced to abandon their expectation of a revolutionary Germany next door and to look for support to the democratic countries; the Soviets entered the League of Nations and created the Popular Front in France. A movement in the

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THE NATION, *Edmund Wilson*: "This is the best book of Moscow memoirs, so far as my reading goes, which has yet been produced by a professional journalist. What makes his record particularly fascinating is his method of presenting his subject . . . in terms of month-by-month events, so that we can follow the shifting situations and the variations in psychological atmosphere."

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direction of democracy was thus in order in the Soviet Union, and this movement was led by Kirov, a loyal follower of the Stalinist line but a relatively independent individual. He advocated conciliation with former political oppositionists, tried to make Leningrad an intellectual center. He was made a secretary of the Central Committee, with complete control of the party "ideology," a post which would have brought him to Moscow. His popularity began to rival Stalin's.

Then suddenly Kirov was shot. The motives of his assassin remained a mystery; the man, who was neurotic and exalted, seemed to have acted entirely on his own. But he had been babbling indiscreetly about the necessity of someone's "sacrificing himself"; and yet nobody had restrained him from his crime. He had been able to go straight to Kirov, with no hindrance from the Smolny guards. It was certain that the group around Stalin, the group which Kaganovich headed, had no reason to welcome Kirov to Moscow. They cared nothing about ideologies; they only wanted to hang on to their jobs; and they were afraid of the new movement toward liberalism, which would certainly have cost them their places. Kaganovich, says the author of the "Letter," though able, is a man of no principle; indeed, with the hypocrisy imposed by the lack of democracy inside the party, principle has pretty much gone by the board. And Yezhov, another leader of this group, is the perfect type of the self-seeking informer who fattens on suspicious despots.

The whole development went into reverse. Yezhov, playing on the worst instincts of Stalin, proceeded to clean up on the old Bolsheviks, who had persisted, though with entire futility, in grumbling about the repressions of the government and whom he had his own reasons for disliking. The officials of the Commissariat of Home Affairs who had been responsible for Nikolaiev's reaching Kirov were let off with easy sentences, but a persecution was started by Yezhov against the former political oppositionists, who were accused of having inspired the crime. The dissidents now fell in with the sycophants in a great carnival of flattery for Stalin in the hope that his fury would subside. But the "best disciple of Lenin" now gave rein to all his vindictive instincts; the moral code of the Georgian mountains evidently resembles that which prevails among the feudists of Kentucky. Stalin now even refused to see Gorki, who had sometimes been able to restrain him; and Gorki not long afterward died. The butchering of the old revolutionaries began.

The Kamenev-Zinoviev affair had been prepared without the knowledge of Yagoda, the head of the G. P. U., and when he objected, he was arrested himself. Yezhov briskly stepped into his place and stands today at Stalin's right hand.

But now we come to something new and quite distinct from the type of old Bolshevik, whether Kamenev or Trotsky or Stalin. We come to Herr Willi Schlamm, the author of "The Dictatorship of the Lie." Herr Schlamm is an Austrian Socialist, the former editor of the *Weltbühne*. Herr Schlamm is trying to find a new political base—he is, I am told, in his middle thirties—and he feels strongly the necessity of cutting himself loose not merely from Stalinism but from the whole tradition of Russian Marxism. His book is not a political program, nor is it properly even a manifesto. It is rather in the nature of a sermon. But it may be that what socialism needs at the moment is a few sermons like this of Schlamm. Certainly "The Dictatorship of the Lie" is one of the most bracing and air-clearing documents which have yet come out of the crisis of the left.

It is impossible to do it justice in a summary, because its power depends on its eloquence and on its tone of moral candor. Herr Schlamm believes that the Moscow trials have played a catalytic role, like that of the Dreyfus case, in precipitating a division of opinion. The time has come for genuine Socialists to throw off all pious hopes and pretensions and face the fact that the government of Stalin has no longer anything to do with socialism. Stalin himself and his associates no longer represent anything much different from what Hitler represents; his example is an encouragement to Hitler, and he may very soon be Hitler's ally. What is the point, then, of raging against the repressions of Hitler after the horrors of the Moscow executions? (I am not sure, however, that Herr Schlamm is right in believing that the trials were anti-Semitic.) Why should the Marxist assume that historical forces will eventually break down the lies of Hitler and at the same time expect that the lies of Stalin can direct the eventual development of Russia? Not so can the Marxist guide history. "History does not read the newspapers—certainly not those of the Comintern."

At the time of the degradation of the old Bolsheviks, the Soviet government imported to Russia expert perfumers from Paris—the author of the "Letter" discussed above asserts that there was a deliberate attempt to associate the political terror with the idea of a more luxurious standard of living—but all the expert perfumers in the world will be powerless to sweeten the moral atmosphere. What kind of a new socialist humanity is to be expected from the tutelage of a regime, which, after making abortion impossible for the poor in a country overrun with parentless waifs, subjects children from twelve up to the death penalty, and trains the inmates of its asylums for the homeless to subscribe to bloody manifestos demanding the deaths of the original Socialist leaders? And why should the workers of any country be expected to be delighted at the prospect of having "Herr Vyshinsky's Grand Guignol" perform in their midst?

But what is really behind all this, says Schlamm, is the elimination of moral principles from socialism. What are the claims to moral authority of an advance guard of social regeneration which has shown itself to be devoid of the primary human virtues of kindliness, fair-dealing, and veracity? There is no morality in the "Dialectic": from a more or less useful philosophical instrument it has been turned first into an incantation and then into the vulgar patter by which the salesman of the "correct line" succeeds in unloading his goods on the stupid. The left intellectual who exploits it is a tick in the sore flesh of the working-class movement. An intellectual, he provokes pogroms against intellectuals. He courts the work-

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ers because he hopes to manipulate them, and he despises them because he sees they can be deceived.

And they, on their side, have no "historic role" which will stimulate them inevitably to struggle. Nor does our social science of Marxism take us far. In that field our scientific knowledge is in reality still very meager, and the little we have succeeded in acquiring can never do duty for human initiative and human character. We must recognize that society has to be saved, not by the processes of a mystic dialectic, but by the influence of human beings who are self-respecting and morally sound.

"The Dictatorship of the Lie" has already had its repercussions in certain quarters. Trotsky himself has just published a pamphlet—"Stalinism and Bolshevism"—which is partly devoted to answering Schlamm (as well as some Anarchists, who have seized the occasion to raise their ideological heads). From Trotsky's point of view Willi Schlamm is dealing in "moth-eaten metaphysical absolutes." The disasters in Russia are not due to Marxism but to the backwardness of the country. Herr Schlamm is trying to return to pre-Marxist socialism in its "German" and "most sentimental" form. Trotsky seizes on the fact that Schlamm's tract has been welcomed by the organ of Kerensky and more or less tries to drown him by tying him and Kerensky together—thereby, himself the victim of many "amalgams," being guilty of a bit of an amalgam himself.

For Herr Schlamm, who pays his respects to Trotsky, the latter represents the Leninist tradition, but he regards both Lenin and Trotsky as obsolete. Herr Schlamm is well aware, he says, that his opinions will cause him to be branded as a "Trotskyist": "Poor wretches! That is all they can do. For them, the whole great world of thought and spirit comes down finally to a Politburo, in which a couple of factions squabble." But he is really on another tack.

It is not clear to me that Schlamm, as Trotsky says, has completely repudiated the class struggle. On the contrary, he speaks in one passage as if he assumed it as an elementary fact. It is true that he asserts later on that the great ideas which move and mold humanity are "incorporated in true and strong individuals" who may be "workers, peasants, intellectuals, women, or bourgeois." But does this reject the class view of society? Certainly, Schlamm has not as yet got very far in formulating his social philosophy. But I believe that the reaction he represents is more important than Trotsky supposes.

Colophon

BY BEN BELITT

In heats that drew the freshet up
And moved in iron through the grove,
A conscript and a burning cup
I keep; but not in love.

A harder dearth compels the word:
It will not merge in blood or wine,
But brims denial, like a gourd,
And names the toast in brine.

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HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE REVEREND WILLIAM COLE. Edited by W. S. Lewis and A. Dayle Wallace. Yale University Press. Two Volumes. $15.

HORACE WALPOLE wrote most of his letters with an eye on the future. An antiquary himself, he determined to provide a rich store for the hobbyists who should follow him, and he achieved the immortality he obviously hoped for. Possibly he guessed that posterity would not take many of his activities seriously, that his "Gothic romance" was sleazy stuff and that the show place at Strawberry Hill was too foppish to endure. But he chose his correspondents with care, and through them he addressed to posterity packets of information concerning his antiquarian researches and, more importantly, concerning events of the day. These accounts were at once laborious, scrupulously accurate, and sprightly. Literary historians have found it hard to forgive him for brusquely dismissing a young man who had attempted to deceive him with some forged antiquities, but it was partly only his misfortune that the young man turned out to be Chatterton and there is no good reason for holding the unfortunate incident too strongly against him.

Just how well he succeeded in keeping the interest of posterity is witnessed by these first two volumes of a magnificent new edition of his letters and the replies they drew. When complete some years hence, the edition will contain about six thousand letters to and from Walpole, including about three hundred from the latter which have never so far been published and a good many more of which only inaccurate transcripts have appeared in print. "There are," say the editors, "three good reasons for a new edition of Horace Walpole's correspondence: to give a correct text, to include for the first time the letters to him, and to annotate the whole with the fulness that the most informative record of the time deserves." The first two volumes indicate that the edition will leave little to be desired.

The present volumes are devoted to the correspondence with one William Cole, a clerical antiquary who wrote Walpole in 1762 concerning the recent publication of the latter's "Anecdotes of Painting in England." He was a fanatical collector of antiquarian information who bequeathed 114 folio volumes to the British Museum, and Walpole adopted him as the man with whom he would carry on that part of his correspondence which dealt with the matters of interest to them both. Though they met infrequently, the interchange of letters continued for twenty years until Cole's death, and fills here more than seven hundred pages.

Subsequent volumes will contain more of interest to the general reader. In the present one there are brief references to the Gordon riots, for instance, but most of the letters consist almost exclusively of fragments of information about persons, places, and customs already remote from the curious inquirers concerned with them. The new edition is not, however, intended primarily for the general reader. Its purpose is to provide, with all the conveniences of index and annotation, a collection from which all students of the eighteenth century will want to draw. When complete, Walpole will be "available" in a way he has never been available before.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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The Noble Art

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING. By Lin Yutang. Reynal and Hitchcock: John Day. $3.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING" treats of the philosophy of good living, not philosophy in an academic sense, for Mr. Lin acknowledges he has no use for hat, but a philosophy derived from the observation of ordinary life, one which owes more to conversation with an *amah* or a colored maid than to Hume or Berkeley. The book is a glorification of the tramp—scamp is Mr. Lin's own word—a glorification of the pagan and sensuous life. "Pork is superior to poetry," and "beside the noble art of getting things done, there is a nobler art of leaving things undone."

Chinese literature has always been a leisurely occupation for the leisured class, which perhaps accounts for both its excellence and its limitations. While the influence of Confucius has been in the sphere of political and social activity, it is the spirit of Lao Tze and Chuang Tze which has conditioned Chinese art and poetry and has shaped to a large extent the personal character of creative artists. The cardinal doctrine of Taoism is "Wu Wei," or do nothing. Probably advanced first by the masters as a satirical corrective to the Confucian school's excessive zeal for social reform, it was later seized upon by the artistic temperament as the justification of an exquisite idleness.

Mr. Lin is still celebrating this cult of idleness, which he assumes, somewhat arbitrarily, does not cost any money. "A well-filled stomach is indeed a great thing." But how about the man who has to work fourteen hours a day or starve? Many in the Orient work hard and cannot get two humble meals a day. It is easier to agree with his observation that "macaroni has done more for our appreciation of Italy than Mussolini. . . . That is because in food, as in death, we feel the essential brotherhood of mankind." Perhaps Mr. Lin does not mean all that he says in this book. I know of no busier man in China than he. He edits a magazine and contributes to a number of periodicals and is a most prolific writer.

To me one of the best parts of "The Importance of Living" is its criticism of the conventional type of scholarship, as it is found in the West and even in the East since westernization set in. "Miserable indeed is a world in which we have knowledge without understanding, criticism without appreciation, beauty without a warm heart." And "I am sure a candidate would have no difficulty in getting a Ph.D., providing he made the whole thing sufficiently abstruse and tiresome." There are charming selections from Chinese literature throughout the book, many of which have never been translated before. Mr. Lin writes simply and naturally, and is always entertaining. For example:

> A scholar's writing consists of borrowings from other scholars, and the more authorities and sources he quotes, the more of a scholar he appears. A thinker's writing consists of borrowings from ideas in his own intestines, and the greater thinker a man is, the more he depends on his own intestinal juice. A scholar is like a raven feeding its young that spits out what it has eaten from the mouth. A thinker is like a silkworm which gives us not mulberry leaves but silk.

In "The Importance of Living" Mr. Lin has truly and zestfully explained many aspects of the Chinese mind which have bewildered Westerners. He does not explain the mystical riches in the true doctrine of passiveness which have made it as great a factor in the integration of the Oriental soul as the self-abnegation at the basis of Christianity; but perhaps this mysticism is by its nature inexplicable. For as Lao Tze says, the truth may not be told, only the untruth.

YOUNGHILL KANG

Life and Art in Bali

THE ISLAND OF BALI. By Miguel Covarrubias. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE juxtaposition of the last earthly paradise, according to steamship prospectuses, and of an artist who is one of the cleverest and most penetrating satirists of our day might be expected to produce almost anything except this particular book. One suspects either that the fact that he was in Bali on a grant from a foundation lay heavy on his conscience or that his contacts with the various anthropologists whom he found working there filled him with a determination to prove that he could meet them on their own ground. The reproductions in color, the clever sketches of natives in action, and the superb album of photographs by Rose Covarrubias constitute a sort of façade behind which lies a sober, detailed, and at many points decidedly technical study of native history and ethnology. This study is even provided with footnotes, references, and a bibliography worthy of a distinguished Ph.D thesis. It is a sound piece of scientific work, a real contribution to knowledge, and will probably be the standard English work on Balinese culture for years to come.

Unfortunately this scientific success has been purchased at a price. The author has felt it necessary to adhere to the long-established conventions of ethnological reports. He has used their stereotyped divisions of culture content, described a great number of ceremonies in minute detail, and tried so hard to maintain scientific objectivity that he has kept himself out of the picture to a quite unnecessary degree. There is even a whole series of meticulously exact drawings of native tools and utensils, which contrast oddly with his ordinary summary style. All through the book there are flashes of keen insight and amazingly concise description. It would be hard to better this on the Balinese physical type: "Small but well-developed bodies with a peculiar anatomical structure of simple, solid masses reminiscent of Egyptian and Mycenaean sculptures: wide shoulders tapering down in unbroken lines to flexible waists and narrow hips; strong backs, small heads, and firm full breasts." Such a passage does more to bring the Balinese before the reader's eyes than a dozen tables of anatomical measurements. However, such flashes are rare. The whole book suffers from a certain flatness of perspective. It is an anatomical sketch of native culture rather than the spirited picture of native life which might have been drawn with the help of a little more abstraction.

By far the most interesting sections of the book are those which deal with native aesthetics and with the reactions of the natives to European contacts. The treatment of Balinese art is especially good, but even here the scientific conventions are given undue weight. There is a learned discussion of the origins of the art, with a listing of ancient statues and buildings, but by no means enough about the reactions of the artist or his relations to society. What there is, moreover, is not always consistent. Thus we are told that the artist is always "an amateur, casual and anonymous," that his work is "an expression of collective thought," and that "his only aim is to serve his community." These conclusions are quite in line with the theories of one school of anthropologists re-

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garding the aesthetics of "primitive" people in general. In support of them the author cites the fact that native artists did not sign their work until they came under European influence and that two or more artists may collaborate on a single carving. At the same time we are told that skill in all the arts is an expected part of every nobleman's accomplishments and that, lacking these skills, he should at least be a patron of artists. There is also frequent mention of schools conducted by artists. Lastly, Balinese art is described as a constantly changing, flexible whole, highly receptive to both foreign influences and individual innovations. If such a condition is a product of "collective thought," the collective mind of the Balinese community must have extraordinary qualities. The author seems to forget that prestige need not be a matter of economic profit and that in the small, closely organized communities which are the primary units of Balinese life the work of particular artists needs no signature for identification. The fact that everyone engages in some aesthetic activity need not mean that the superior artist is lost in the mass. It may only provide him with a sympathetic and intelligent audience, a group whose critical respect is the more worth having.

The section on the future of Balinese culture is also highly suggestive. The Balinese have never been isolated. In the course of their long history they have been conquered again and again and have received and absorbed all sorts of racial and cultural elements. However, they have been able to keep their individuality because the conquerors came primarily as collectors of tribute. The closely organized village life which was the foundation of native existence was never broken down. Today foreign manufactures, good roads, and the automobile and bicycle are disrupting these units. New and artificially stimulated needs and a money economy strike at the roots of the old family and village communism. A collapse of the present native culture seems inevitable, and those who wish to see it should go quickly. RALPH LINTON

Ends and Means

ENDS AND MEANS. By Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

WITH unerring insight Aldous Huxley has addressed himself to the basic moral problem of our times. His latest work is the moral credo of a passionate and distinguished intelligence. It is written primarily for professionally miscalled "intellectuals" who have taken positions on how society is to be saved but who lack the wit or sensibility to test their positions by the means used to advance them. The historical record shows an impressive unanimity about the purposes for which human beings are to be saved. It also shows that the unanimity is largely verbal. The real differences appear when we check principles by the concrete measures adopted to realize them. In politics, even more than in the circus, it is necessary to watch the performers' hands. Where human well-being is at stake nothing is "merely" a matter of means. For means are always integral with ends. This may be a philosophical commonplace, but the trouble is, according to Huxley, that it has remained a *philosophical* commonplace. Most political and social thinking is carried on independently of it. Who does not know the man who "believes that tyranny will somehow result in democracy, enslavement in the liberation of the individual, concentration of political and social power in self-government all around"?

With this ethical text as a point of departure, Huxley roams over the fields of education, war, government, religion, and social reform. The discussion proceeds more by way of a series of brilliant asides than by straightforward argument. But the most hackneyed of themes comes alive under his treatment. There is hardly a topic, from the training of the young to the League of Nations, upon which he does not comment in illuminating and arresting fashion. Against those who would save democracy by waging a war against fascism, he points out that this involves "inevitably the transformation of democracy into fascism." Against those who would further the ultimate truth with immediate lies, counterpose to the uncritical worship of a leader an even more uncritical worship of a bigger leader, combat fascism with the methods of fascism—all on the ground that the end justifies the means—Huxley replies: "The end cannot justify the means for the simple and obvious reason that the means employed determine the nature of the end produced." The true Utopian is not he who criticizes society by the light of his ideals, even if he goes down to defeat; it is the self-styled realist who imagines he can realize his ideals by using methods which are bound to achieve their precise opposite.

When Huxley offers his own positive solutions and wanders into metaphysical speculation to support them, his writing has less cogency and persuasiveness. The evils of this world are to be met by the voluntary organization of non-attached men and women, non-attached to political dogma or to material things. Two fundamental values, charity and awareness, are to direct their continuous efforts for piecemeal reform. Only the most necessary social reforms will be undertaken and never against widespread opposition and violence. Methods of change will be those with which people are already familiar from other fields and of which they approve. And the non-attached themselves will be living centers of wholesome ethical contagion.

There is much wisdom in this, but it is difficult to see how in any crucial situation here and now these ideals can be made effective without political implementation; how, even from a long-time point of view, the strategic posts of influence, so necessary for social change, can be won in the face of indifference or active opposition. It is hard to understand why Huxley, instead of answering these difficulties, should have felt it necessary to devote so much space to developing the metaphysical assumptions of the good life. He asserts that it is impossible for any part of the world to be meaningful unless the universe as a whole has meaning. This conclusion, whose very syntactical meaning is open to question, is defended by the curious argument that just as the human craving for explanation has been fulfilled by the proof of the orderliness of nature, so there must be some cosmic meaning in things to justify the human craving for righteousness. Huxley recognizes this as wish-thinking but tries to confound his critics by making a virtue of it. His express statement to the contrary notwithstanding, the author's metaphysics is completely irrelevant to his moral and social insights. The latter are compatible with a number of mutually opposed metaphysical assumptions. They therefore cannot be entailed by any one of them.

Despite Huxley's rational mysticism and his reliance upon questionable non-resistant techniques of social change, only fanatics and dogmatists will fail to be impressed by his discussion of ends and means. He belongs to the perpetual out-élite who have taken to heart the implications of Lord Acton's dictum, "Power always corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely," and must perforce remain outside the arena of

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active politics. Their function is essentially critical, and they are assured of nothing save universal abuse. But since there are degrees of corruption, the possibility exists that their work may bear fruit even in politics. The only alternative to their view that political means must not be dissociated from the ideal of the good life in the good society is the conception of politics as a grab game of "who gets what when," and of social philosophy as a set of rationalizations to conceal fact. True, many of Huxley's formulations are unsophisticate, and even his discussion of means and ends is marred by an ethical absolutism inconsistent with his emphasis upon the importance of intelligence or awareness in ethical analysis. It is history and expected consequences which enforce caution when fire is to be met with fire and violence with violence, not the absolute prohibitions of Tolstoy or Buddha. But his central ideas are timely and valid.

One carries away from this book the impression of a refreshing intellectual vitality that grows all the stronger when contrasted with the writing of literary "intellectuals" whose thinking ends where their politics begin.

SIDNEY HOOK

"Feats on the Fjord"

LETTERS FROM ICELAND. By W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. Random House. $3.

THOSE people who wish young poets to be deadly serious and all of a piece will be annoyed and baffled by Auden's travel book, written with a new collaborator. These letters, rhymed and unrhymed, are consistently amusing and frequently brilliant, but they do not repeat the tone of books written by emotional travelers, philosophical travelers, trippers, or escapists. Both Auden and MacNeice are on to the kinds of attitude which can be struck by the English, whether poets or not, in strange landscapes. They have chosen to stick to an amateur and detached standing; as travelers they have skirted the ranks of explorers, old Etonians of the Peter Fleming tradition, and Wordsworthian nature lovers. When, in the northern wilds, they came upon a real professional English traveler, "handsome, sunburnt, reserved, speaking fluent Icelandic," they were more amused than abashed.

Auden, having contracted to do a travel book on Iceland (he was drawn to that country because of his Icelandic name and a childhood interest in the sagas), spent the summer of 1936 on the island, at first alone and later in the company of MacNeice and other friends. Rejecting from the first the idea of the necessity to brood and moon over Ultima Thule, or to indulge in romantic *poésie des départs,* he was rather at a loss how to begin. Iceland had been visited by other men of letters and had produced some great native prose. It offered to the view glaciers, waterfalls, geysers, a volcano, and many rocks coated with sphagnum moss. One traveled through it by bus (in which conveyance Icelanders are always sick, Englishmen never) or on horseback. Auden learned to ride, stayed at inns and farmhouses, and struggled to be offhand about the scenery. ("One waterfall is very much like another.") He soon succumbed to a certain "effect of travel, which is to make one reflect on one's past and one's culture from the outside." He had brought along a volume of Byron, and he began to cast into the Don Juan stanza, with light-verse freedom, the thoughts and part of the life-history of an English poet of twenty-nine, then isolated at the top of Europe, where modern roars and squawls penetrated but faintly. This Letter to Lord Byron, which makes up five chapters of the book, is always a remarkable technical *tour de force,* and in spite of its tendency to slip into rather self-preening triviality, has its moments of insight. Through this disused stanza form Auden once more helps to break up the limiting measures which have hardened around modern poetic expression, forcing poets into stock attitudes, usually of pomposity or gloom. This stanza can accommodate the casual mention of everyday experience, as an example written after Auden's return to England shows:

> Autumn is here. The beech leaves strew the lawn;
> The power stations take up heavier loads;
> The massive lorries shake from dusk till dawn
> The houses on the residential roads;
> The shops are full of coming winter modes.
> Dances have started at the Baths next door
> Stray scraps of MS strew my bedroom floor.

Louis MacNeice, a poet of Auden's time at Oxford, who has brought a special kind of North of Ireland talent into the younger English group, joined the amateur expedition. Things went on much the same. The friends played rummy in the evening and traveled through the severe and ungrateful countryside by day. MacNeice's serious contributions to the book—three poems—do not suffer by comparison with Auden's fine introductory poem, Journey to Iceland. His lighter contributions are extravagantly funny. The two noticed different things. The spectacle of a whale being torn to pieces by winches gave Auden "an extraordinary vision of the cold controlled ferocity of the human species." MacNeice was impressed by children singing "The Music Goes Round and Round" in their native tongue.

The authors have not shirked the factual side of their job. The book has maps, charts, and guidebook information on food, transportation, money, etc., as well as quoted accounts of historic events, a bibliography of books on Iceland, and a set of Icelandic proverbs. Nor have Icelandic arts and letters or the character and habits of modern Icelanders been neglected. The photographic illustrations are excellent.

A good many readers must still exist who hope that bleak landscapes have an elevating influence on the human spirit, who believe that the uplift element in glaciers must be considerable. To them this book will be a disappointment. It will also disappoint those who, in their secret heart of hearts, expect portentous statements from serious and gifted young poets. Auden and MacNeice often sound, it is true, a tiresome schoolboy note. Their continual determination not to be taken in by cant makes them sheer away from emotion. The Last Will and Testament at the end of the book, for example, spirals up through sheer brilliance into a region where only *Coterie-sprache* can breathe. On the other hand, it is a sign of health that both young men are capable not only of humor but of hilarity. And they never project individual fear and frustration out into current blanket hatreds. Their will and testament ends:

> We leave our age the quite considerable spark
> Of private love and goodness which never leaves
> An age, however awful, in the utter dark . . .
> And to the good who know how wide the gulf, how deep
> Between Ideal and Real, who being good have felt
> The final temptation to withdraw, sit down and weep,
> We pray the power to take upon themselves the guilt
> Of human action, though still as ready to confess
> The imperfection of what can and must be built,
> The wish and power to act, forgive and bless.

Auden went to Spain, after having seen Iceland. His hope, from there, is much the same.

LOUISE BOGAN

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Pictorial History

THE UNITED STATES: A GRAPHIC HISTORY. Text by Louis M. Hacker. Pictorial Statistics by Rudolf Modley. Statistical Research by George R. Taylor. Modern Age Books. 75 cents. Special Edition Bound in Cloth. Random House. $2.50.

THIS book requires a double judgment: as a contribution in its own right to the understanding of American economic history, and as the first of a series the purpose of which is to bring competent workmanship in the social sciences to what Mr. Hacker calls the "new adult literate group in America."

Nowhere have the basic quantitative aspects of American life, past and present, been brought together in so compact and clear a form. Many historians slur over or ignorantly mishandle statistical material—for some reason it is not considered necessary for historians to have any training in statistical method. By contrast the authors of the present work know both the sources of quantitative data and how to use them. They have made their seventy-six charts and diagrams the very backbone of the book. Around this core, moreover, Mr. Hacker has written a text which provides the reader with a mature analysis in terms of a conscious and integrated theory of historical processes. Dramatic incidents of personal and party conflicts are entirely omitted, but the reader who has some knowledge of these things will find that they lose their seemingly accidental character and fit naturally into the pattern which Mr. Hacker has so skilfully outlined. And America's relations with the rest of the world are seen not in terms of "foreign policy" but rather in terms of the growth of capitalism and the world market.

The importance of these points of view scarcely needs to be stressed to readers of *The Nation.* But the question may well be raised whether the book succeeds in its own avowed purpose, namely, in bringing its message within reach of the mass of literate Americans. I really don't know the answer, but I shall set down a few impressions for what they may be worth in planning future works in the series. In the first place it seems to me that some sections of the book require a very considerable prior knowledge of how the capitalist economy functions. This is particularly the case where the problems of money and banking are mentioned—for example, Section 44 on Bank Failures and Section 69 on Loans and Investments of All Member Banks—but it is also true in other cases, though to a lesser extent. Passages might be cited which would be the despair of many a proud possessor of a B.A. Perhaps this is unavoidable, but I think the authors could have reduced the problem to minimum proportions by devoting a little more space to the mechanism of processes which are to be interpreted. Secondly, Mr. Hacker has a tendency to use terms which are likely to be only vaguely comprehended by anyone with no training in the social sciences. In most cases this difficulty could be overcome by a more careful selection of words. In the same connection, it seems to me that the use of such phrases as "bourgeoisie," "petty bourgeoisie," "finance capitalist," "proletariat," etc. is misguided. The average American either does not know what they mean or else he views them with considerable suspicion. Finally, there are quite a few pictorial charts in the book which one can only appreciate by mentally reconstructing the table from which they were originally drawn. The plan of the work makes this impossible to avoid, since any set of data important enough to warrant a section must also be put into a chart. I think it would be better in the future to have a somewhat more flexible arrangement, using pictorial statistics only where they clearly aid the understanding of what they seek to portray. There are cases in which the abstraction involved in a few summary numbers is easier to grasp than that involved in a lot of little symbols.

A slip occurred in the preparation of Section 39. There the authors have used a table prepared by Berle and Means ("The Modern Corporation and Private Property") as a basis for a chart and discussion of the assets of the 200 largest as compared with all non-banking corporations. The conclusion is reached that the 200 largest had something over 60 per cent of the total in 1929, and smaller proportions in earlier years. But Berle and Means point out, none too clearly to be sure, that this table does not show *total* assets for all non-financial corporations, but only "cash, inventory, land, buildings, and equipment." The result is, of course, that the percentage owned by the 200 largest is considerably overstated. Berle and Means a few pages earlier had given their estimate as 49.2 per cent for 1929, a fact which should have made Messrs. Hacker, Modley, and Taylor somewhat suspicious of their chart. The fact, however, that this appears to be the only serious statistical error in the book indicates the high standard of scholarship which is in general maintained.

In conclusion I cannot too strongly urge everyone, whether he knows anything about American history or not, to get this book and study it. In a broad sense it throws a vast amount of light on what is going on today, and that, in the final analysis, is its purpose. The fact that Modern Age has put out a beautiful book at the very moderate price of 75 cents is merely an added inducement, though certainly a strong one.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

The Romantic Genius

THE JOURNAL OF EUGENE DELACROIX. Translated from the French by Walter Pach. Covici-Friede. $7.50.

THAT painters are better seen than heard is a by-word to which there have been exceptions from the time of Leonardo and Michelangelo to that of Hogarth, Reynolds, and Constable, but it remained for the nineteenth century to produce what are without doubt the two greatest personal documents yet written by painters—the notebooks of Delacroix and the letters of Van Gogh. Van Gogh's testament has already taken its place as a classic expression of the artist's personal ordeal, and Delacroix's journal has long been recognized as one of the foremost expositions of romantic aesthetic, a document that ranks with the criticism of Schiller and Coleridge in its disclosure, from the artist's own viewpoint, of the sources and concepts of modern art. Mr. Pach's excellent translation now makes about half of the 1,500 pages of the French edition of Delacroix's work available to English readers, and no one will wish to dispute the claims of his preface or his publisher. It is quite true that this journal is "the most important intimate record by a great artist since 'The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci,' " and that it exceeds Leonardo's manuscript in its richness of personal and historical detail. Delacroix was an eminent model of high and inexhaustible creative enthusiasm among artists. He worked, apparently without interruption, throughout his life, producing thousands of paintings and drawings, writing his copious journal, carrying on a huge correspondence, and mixing widely in that world of dramatic events and feverish activities that forms a transition from the eighteenth century

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to our own age. Mr. Pach's translation comes late but it comes opportunely. It refreshes our attitude toward the period in which Delacroix worked—the age of romantic art toward which renewed scrutiny and interpretation have been directed during the past decade; it casts fresh light on the styles and technical innovations of the modern art that grew out of Delacroix's experiments; and it serves as a necessary basis for the revaluation of his own achievement that has been in progress for the past two decades.

That achievement and the fluctuations of Delacroix's reputation form one of the most significant chapters in the history of modern art. From the hour of his first triumph, with the "Dante and Vergil" in 1822, he has been alternately praised and condemned, a rebel who never sank into the ease of an accepted favorite. From the start he was hailed as a pioneer of romanticism, but no label was less congenial to him. He led his youthful contemporaries in their revolt against the classical dictates of David and Ingres and raised the ensign on which was inscribed "Qui nous delivrera des Grecs et des Romains?" Yet he studied the classic models as reverently as his great enemies and wished to be considered the inheritor of Phideas and Raphael. He won the "magnificent defense" of Baudelaire, yet even Baudelaire's words have been quoted against him by modern critics—Clive Bell for one—who condemn Delacroix for his literary tendencies and anecdotal subject matter. To the impressionists he was a bringer of light, but to the post-impressionists, returning to formal designs and structures, he appeared chiefly as an artist whose overheated imagination blurred his intellectual forces and as a painter of repellent violence and sentimentality. At the height of his success in the middle years of the nineteenth century, his dramatic canvases, swirling with Oriental chargers and impaled tigers, were favorites among collectors, but half a century later they were a drug on the market. His spacious imagination and Oriental tastes have ranked him as a Byron among painters, and his reputation has curiously followed Byron's in its rising and falling fortunes, until now, after the severe formalism of Ingres has had its hour of worship among modern painters and critics, Delacroix is once more reclaimed as a source of the vital energy that underlay modern painting through its complex developments of the past century.

It is this energy that is the clue to Delacroix's genius, and his journal defines and illustrates every use he made of it. It appears not only in the abounding vitality of his character, its enthusiasm for original talent, its keen response to the natural world and social influences, but in the rigor of his discipline and the endless research he spent on his subject matter and on refining the designs of his canvases. He was fully aware that his generation stood at the crossroads, and that the time had come for decisive action in enlarging the scope of painting, extending its technical means, and enriching its materials. One of the first to recognize the innovations of Constable, Bonnington, and the English school, he disputed the dictatorship of salons and academies and inspired painters to search beyond the artifices of the eighteenth-century schools or the routine decorum of academic classicism. His visit to London in 1825 and his trip to Morocco in 1832 were the two deciding events of his career. From them he brought both a fresh technical attitude and a vitalizing subject matter into his pictures, coupling these with his enthusiasm for dramatic motives and mobile forms.

To a less disciplined talent these heady novelties would have been ruinous, and Delacroix's natural facility was a constant threat to his genius. But everything he says about human character or aesthetic integrity shows how strongly he recognized the dangers of license and self-indulgence. He expresses a continuous contempt for men in art or society who take triumph too easily, who do not "fortify" themselves against first impressions or commonplace success, and who translate the wealth of nature and sensation into vulgar ideas and shoddy art. Though he was an enemy of improvisation, he could agree with Corot when he said that "despite my desire to systematize, instinct will always have the upper hand with me"; but to Delacroix "instinct" must submit to so severe a control that when an expression of it emerges it will have both the impetuosity and the authority of a mastered design. The "Journal" serves, in fact, to correct one popular notion of romantic art, for Delacroix, the supreme example of romantic imagination in his age, talks with the austerity and reproving discipline of the severest taskmaster among the classicists, without, at the same time, losing his sense of the need in art for invigorating attitudes and methods. And when Mr. Pach quotes the well-known anecdote which tells of Ingres and Delacroix, the sworn and lifelong enemies, suddenly, by a common impulse, clasping hands on the steps of the institute, he implies that "classic" and "romantic" can no longer be considered exclusive terms, and that a painter of Delacroix's scope and mastery stands beyond the limitations of a school or formula.

It is not only for Delacroix's ideas about art that the "Journal" is distinguished, though in this respect alone it is an indispensable sourcebook, including as it does innumerable notes on colors, designs, and methods, as well as his project for a complete "Dictionary of the Fine Arts." His book contains, as fully as the journal of the Goncourts and without their faults of triviality and bias, the record of an age, its conflicts, personalities, and ambitions, and behind these it presents a portrait of Delacroix himself, a character who had the ambition and the scruples that make not only a great painter but such a man of "honor and life-giving knowledge" as he wanted to be. His paintings, with their great variety of quality and stylistic effects, show the artist; his "Journal," one of the richest and most conscientious books of its kind ever written, reveals the man, and shows him to be one of the focal personalities of his century.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Food Through the Ages

MAN, BREAD AND DESTINY. By C. C. Furnas and S. M. Furnas. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

THE authors of this book will doubtless write others, but they cannot hope to achieve again the colossal error which appears in the first paragraph of this one. Here is the thought: "Freud to the contrary, the Great Motivator of the human race has been the empty stomach. . . . Mark Antony gave his cook a city because he had prepared a meal that pleased Cleopatra." If the empty stomach was the motivator in that episode, then Shakespeare has cruelly misled us.

The book ranges in its contents from a fantasy on prehistoric man's food, through the dietary essentials—proteins, carbohydrates, fats—to opinions on the cooking of Oscar of the Waldorf, with the spice of sex thrown in under the heading of "Gullible's Travels." In any department accuracy is at a low level. Here is a prize-winning specimen: "Phosphorus is to calcium as thunder is to lightning; the two together are required to make our bones and teeth."

The whole book is characterized by the tendency, fre-

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quently carried to extremes, to jettison truth in favor of the spectacular. Another striking example is to be found in a discussion of the function of the stomach.

> In 1782 it led one Doctor John Hunter to bombast pompously, as only an Englishman can: "Some Physiologists would have it that the Stomach is a Mill; others that it is a fermenting Vat; others again that it is a Stew Pan; but in my view of the matter it is neither a Mill, a fermenting Vat, nor a Stew Pan—but a Stomach, gentlemen, a Stomach." This was Doctor Hunter's greatest contribution to science.

John Hunter, be it remarked, was a Scotch surgeon, founder of the famous Hunterian Museum (of anatomy) in London, and author of numerous contributions in a variety of scientific fields (see any encyclopedia).

The increasing amount of space given to science in our newspapers and periodicals, as well as the frequent use of the word to bolster up advertising claims, has at last impressed some of our less able minds with the demand for "popular" science literature. They approach the job with little writing ability, less knowledge of their subject, and a minimum of comprehension of the basic principles of the scientific method. It is one thing to simplify a concept so that readers without technical knowledge can grasp it; it is another thing to distort for dramatic effect. Able writing in any scientific field must come from men with knowledge of the fundamentals of their subject and a willingness to say that here and here science has not yet explored and that we do not know. It would be a great tragedy if the scientific discipline which has led us so far in the past hundred years were to be debased and discarded, as it well might be, through the abuse of the word "scientific" and the popularization of exaggerated discoveries by those who do not comprehend them.

HUGH H. DARBY

Pope and Politics

POPE PIUS XI AND WORLD AFFAIRS. By William Teeling. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

THE author of this biography of the reigning pope is an English Catholic with old family connections with the papal court. Being an English Catholic he is disquieted by the alliance between the Vatican and fascism, particularly Italian fascism. He thinks the Pope acquired his strong anti-Communist bias while serving as nuncio in Poland, and that his Italian patriotism is reinforced by the fact that Mussolini gave him $80,000,000 worth of Italian government bonds when the concordat with Italy was signed, and stipulated that they could not be sold for years to come. Consequently the Vatican has a stake in Italian imperialism.

Since Teeling is a Catholic of the more or less inner circle, he is able to reveal many of the tensions between various schools of thought and national movements within the church about which less critical Catholics never speak. A sprightly journalistic style and the inclusion of many interesting anecdotes out of papal history make the book interesting reading. Yet it lacks the importance ascribed to it by many reviewers. The author's analysis of basic issues is too superficial to justify these estimates. His naivete is nicely revealed in a word on the Catholic position on divorce. He writes: "The church considers that if a married couple are not happy and would like the marriage never to have taken place, that couple have a perfect right to inquire if by any chance they are not married

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according to the rites of the church. If they are not, the church says—so much the luckier for them. The church does not want people to remain together if they are not happy, but a union that is made in heaven cannot be dissolved. If it has not been made in heaven, then, from the church's point of view, it does not exist."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

DRAMA

"Oh, Hell, Said the Duchess"

STEINBECK'S "Of Mice and Men" has been from between the covers of his book and set down tage of the Music Box Theater. Very little change order of events proved necessary, and what one heater is almost the total effect of the short novel tional vividness of fine, imaginative sets, expert highly accomplished performances. No wonthe play is already established as the solidest of the season, for the novel itself was someon and the dramatic version now contributes ts of obvious appeal. Little remains for n this level of criticism, and it is hardly novel or dramatization any f- on to ask how genuine

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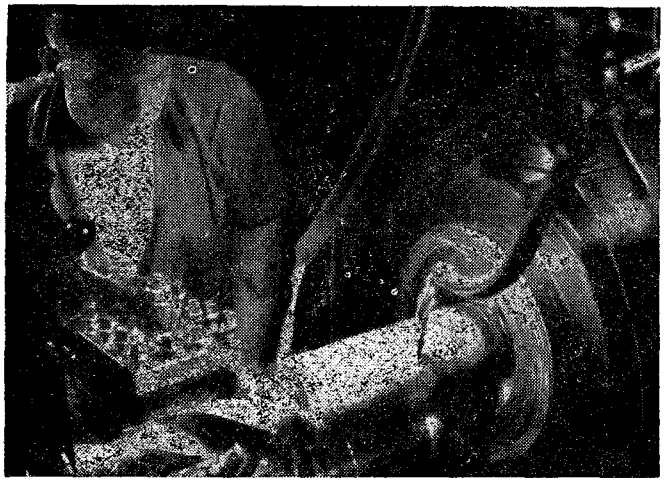

What Makes the Wheels Go Round?

WHEELS that grind flour for our bread, saw lumber for our houses, shape steel for our automobiles; that weave cloth for our coats and dresses, make our paper, print our newspape-

After all, Dickens, as well as [illegible] sincerely believed that Little Nell [illegible] his readers, there lies a fascinating but largely u[illegible] was the real thing, and any psychologist-critic who wishes to [illegible]ored field ready for behind the demand of every age that se[illegible]ready to weep over the fate of any sentimental m[illegible]ine the reasons according to some formula the peculiar [illegible]nt be served up previous age would have recognized and wi[illegible] of which no ceeding age finds patently ridiculous. Your [illegible]ence more infallibly than either that word or that t[illegible]ch every suc- monster could be described in sufficiently convinci[illegible] "innocent." Today nothing arouses the suspicions [illegible] tough Little Nell, thoroughly familiar with four-le[illegible]ictorian was would be a sensation on any stage, and the moronic gi[illegible]nster if that Steinbeck seems real because all the accidents of hi[illegible]g terms as ter and surroundings are violent and brutal. Mr. S[illegible] any audi- as I have already suggested, writes with great [illegible]ing, but a adroitness. But neither that adroitness nor all the [illegible]er words, pertness of staging and acting exhibited in the pe[illegible]nt of Mr. of his play would avail if the whole were not co[illegible]s charac- cording to a formula quite as definite as that [illegible] Steinbeck. the story current a decade ago and recalled in this review. It is not exactly aristocracy, profar which is called for at the present moment, bu ness, violence, and just the soupçon of social Mr. Steinbeck supplies. Flavor your sentim and the public is sure that it has got the r

Many times during the past few years I [illegible] of pretending an aesthetic disapproval [illegible] hen what I really disliked was

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worth discussing either [illegible] farther unless one is willing to go [illegible] me either the one or the other really is. Ma[illegible] e already found in both a combination of high ima[illegible]on, stunning reality, and a most ineffable tenderness. I found, I must confess, only great adroitness and a sense, so acute as to constitute genius of one particular kind, of what a particular public wants at a particular moment. "Of Mice and Men" puts its author in the topmost class of popular writers. It does not, I think, lift him out of that class.

Unfortunately, so far as the effective presentation of my own case goes, it is difficult to tell the story without seeming to be doing it a deliberate injustice. It is, as doubtless most of the reading public already knows, concerned with a strange friendship between two migratory harvest workers, one of whom is a witless but amiable giant given to fondling all soft and helpless things with a hand so unintentionally heavy that, sooner or later, he infallibly breaks their necks. The theme is tenderness taking strange forms in a brutal environment, and the dramatic tension arises out of our foreknowledge of the fact that at some time and for some reason the heavy hand will be laid with fatal results upon the camp's only member of the female sex—a pathetic little nymphomaniac married to the boss's cruel son. All the grotesqueness inherent in the tale is emphasized rather than concealed (we first meet the strange pair when the giant is being unwillingly deprived of a dead mouse he has been keeping too long in his pocket), but the skill of the writing is such that the whole is carried off far better than one could well imagine and that success is absolute in so far as it consists merely in forcing the spectator to take the whole with perfect seriousness. The only question is the question whether he is right so to take it, whether what we are presented with is really a tale of eerie power and tenderness, or whether, as it seems to me, everything from beginning to end is completely "literary" in the bad se[illegible]as shamelessly cooked up as, let us say, "

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plays w… only the "lesson" these plays were at… I am very glad, therefore, to be able to sa… Howard's "Ghost of Yankee Doodle" (Guild Th…), first, that I have complete sympathy with the thesis of his play, and, second, that it seems to me unsatisfactory as drama for exactly the same reason that so many Communist plays have seemed to me unsatisfactory before. The trouble is not that I think Mr. Howard's point either false or not worth making. I believe as he does that the liberal pacifist may very likely see all his efforts neutralized by economic forces, and, naturally, I believe like him that even so something may be said for the liberal's place in this or any other world. The trouble is merely that little is added to the clarity or cogency of the argument by stating it as it is stated through the specific characters of this particular play, and that it is probably not susceptible of better treatment in any fictional form for the simple reason that fictional form is suitable only to those arguments in which some relevant consideration eludes presentation as direct statement and can be presented only by the creation of characters who are more than embodiments of some tendency or point of view expressible in abstract language. It avails little that Mr. Howard has told a love story parallel to his main story. Neither does it avail much that he has attempted to give his characters some individuality in addition to the characteristics they must possess to serve as figures in his argument. The fact remains that the main interest of the play is an abstract argument, and that whatever individuality the characters may possess is not essential to the development of the argument. It is something that he has made them creatures of flesh and blood, but the theme is not one to which their individuality is actually relevant. And that is another way of saying that the theme is not a dramatic theme, for there is no real point in creating characters unless it is only through character that a given idea can be presented.

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RECORDS

ONE of the first things I did when I [illegible] was to hear what had been recorded by the be[illegible] musicians, particularly Benny Goodman and Teddy Wilson; and what I heard was not only disappointing but disquieting. It is not with the spontaneously and superbly inventive performances he recorded a few years ago for Columbia that Goodman is packing them into the Hotel Pennsylvania and making best-sellers for Victor; it is with arranged brilliance and noise. The performances of today may provide good material for the feuilletonist (what doesn't, for the good feuilletonist?); as music, however, I find them uninteresting. And now to the effect of commercial success is added the effect of artistic pretentiousness—the sort of pretentiousness that is responsible for Duke Ellington's "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue," for example. Goodman's attempt at Significance, which has them open-mouthed at the Pennsylvania, is "Sing, Sing, Sing," in which the players, in their evening clothes, prance and yell around an electric log fire for ten minutes. It is on one of the four twelve-inch records ($5.50) of Victor's "Symposium of Swing"—the other contributors being the equally uninteresting large bands of Tommy Dorsey and Bunny Berrigan, and the Fats Waller six-man group which does the only playing in the album I find worth listening to.

In the same way it is not some of the performances of the earlier Goodman Trio but those of the present quartet that are stampeding the Pennsylvania crowds these days—the quartet meaning the exhibitionism of Lionel Hampton, and with this his vibraphone, which in the recent "Man I Love" is like the custard that floods English desserts. What is disquieting in this record is the lack of inventive power in the playing of Goodman and Wilson—disquieting because one finds it in Wilson's playing on other recent records, those of his own recording band and quartet. What one hears—in the quartet's "Just a Mood," for example—is something at once tortuous and arid.

For the Wilson piano playing at its unsurpassed best—and for excitingly beautiful work by Johnny Hodges on saxophone and Berrigan on trumpet—one may turn to "Willow Tree" (English Parlophone R2201), which is to be had at the Commodore Music Shop, 144 East Forty-second Street, New York. This place now also keeps a sufficient stock of that other masterpiece, "Blues of Israel" (Parlophone R2224), with its astounding bass playing by Israel Crosby and its beautiful solo work by Jess Stacey, piano, Joe Harris, trombone, and Nate Kazebier, trumpet. And "Tillie's Downtown Now" (Parlophone R2210) offers superb playing by Claude Thornhill, piano, Bud Freeman, saxophone, and Berrigan, among others.

Among several important Columbia releases is Beethoven's last string quartet, Opus 135 (three records, $5). Sullivan speaks of the remote spiritual content of those last quartets—of the "strange seas of thought" in which Beethoven discovers "unsuspected islands and even continents." Not all these regions are equally accessible to me; and I feel that I do not wholly grasp a great deal of Opus 135; but the slow movement, with its stammering middle section, I find one of the most affecting things in all Beethoven; and unfortunately it is this movement that is marred, at the end of its first side, by sounds that seem to originate in faulty recording. This is

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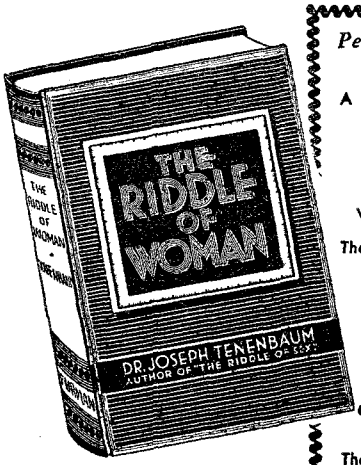

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the only fault; and the Lener Quartet's performance is vastly superior to the earlier one it replaces.

Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Paganini, in a Columbia two-record set ($3), are one of his finest achievements, and Egon Petri plays most of them well; but I am not satisfied with what he makes of some of them. Another two-record set offers Hagen's "Hier sitz' ich" and his call to his vassals from "Götterdämmerung." The magnificence of the orchestral part as played by the London Philharmonic under Beecham compensates for the inferior singing of Ludwig Weber, among other things. On a Decca single (75 cents) you will find Hagen's call sung much better by Emanuel List with a fairly good orchestral performance led by Mörike. Four of the seven records in the Delius Society's Volume I ($14) are devoted to "Paris" and the closing scene of "Koanga," which are among Delius's better works; the other three offer "Eventyr," some of the music for "Hassan," and a couple of songs, which I find inferior. I was struck, as I listened to these records, by the beautiful sound of the London Philharmonic under Beecham as recorded two or three years ago —struck because of the sharpness and harshness of recent recording not only of this orchestra but of all. Perhaps the higher frequencies of higher fidelity are being overemphasized. Stokowski's "Boris Godounov"—for it is not Moussorgsky's—calls for discussion at greater length than is possible in this article. Next time.

Until now I have attempted to deal with every record that I thought was of interest to readers of this column. The number of new records is now so great, however, that if I go on doing this my articles will be no more than checklists of records; and on the other hand if I write at length on some records I shall have to omit others—for example, those which I think not worth buying, except where the importance of the work or the artist makes a warning desirable. It is the readers of the column who must be pleased; will they tell me what they would prefer?

B. H. HAGGIN

Notable Books of 1937

SELECTED BY THE EDITORS OF THE NATION

BELLES-LETTRES

The Goncourt Journal: 1851-1870. Edited and Translated from the Journal of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, with an Introduction, Notes, and a Biographical Repertory, by Lewis Galantière. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

The Journal of Eugene Delacroix. Translated by Walter Pach. Covici, Friede. $7.50.

John Jay Chapman and His Letters. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Freud, Goethe, Wagner. By Thomas Mann. Knopf. $2.

The Notebooks and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited with Notes and a Preface by Humphry House. Oxford University. $7.50.

A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English. By Eric Partridge. Macmillan. $12.50.

The Letters of Fanny Brawne to Fanny Keats: 1820-1824. Oxford University. $3.

The Final Struggle: Being Countess Tolstoy's Diary from 1910. Translated by Aylmer Maude. Oxford University. $2.50.

The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: The Middle Years (1806-1820). Arranged and Edited by Ernest de Selincourt. Oxford University. 2 vols. $14.

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The Agamemnon of Aeschylus. Translated by Louis MacNeice. Harcourt, Brace. $1.75.
Dear Theo: The Autobiography of Vincent Van Gogh. Edited by Irving Stone. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

FICTION

Bread and Wine. By Ignazio Silone. Harper, $2.50.
White Mule. By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. $2.50.
The Trial. By Franz Kafka. Knopf. $2.50.
The Short Stories of Katherine Mansfield. Knopf. $3.50.
Peace Is Where the Tempests Blow. By Valentine Kataev. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Famine. By Liam O'Flaherty. Random House. $2.50.
To Have and Have Not. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner. $2.50.
The Late George Apley. By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Young Henry of Navarre. By Heinrich Mann. Knopf. $3.
Rainbow Fish. By Ralph Bates. Dutton. $2.

POETRY

Collected Poems. By James Joyce. Viking. $2.
Lament for the Death of a Bullfighter. By Federico García Lorca. Oxford University. $2.50.
Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan. $3.
The Man with the Blue Guitar. By Wallace Stevens. Knopf. $2.
The Sleeping Fury. By Louise Bogan. Scribner. $2.50.
The Last Look and Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. Holt. $2.
On This Island. By W. H. Auden. Random House. $1.50.

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

The Letters of Lenin. Translated and Edited by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. Harcourt, Brace. $4.
The Memoirs of Sir Ronald Storrs. Putnam. $5.
Miss Weeton: Journal of a Governess, 1807-1811. Oxford University. $3.50.
Horace Walpole's Correspondence with the Reverend William Cole. Edited by W. S. Lewis and A. Dayle Wallace. Yale University. 2 vols. $15.
Hart Crane, The Life of an American Poet. By Philip Horton. Norton. $3.
Heinrich Heine, Paradox and Poet. By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace. The Life. $3.75. The Poems. $2.75. Boxed $6.
Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris. By Richard L. Neuberger and Stephen B. Kahn. Vanguard. $3.
A Maverick American. By Maury Maverick. Covici, Friede. $3.
This Is My Story. By Eleanor Roosevelt. Harper. $3.
Madame Curie. By Eve Curie. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.
Pedlar's Progress: The Life of Bronson Alcott. By Odell Shepard. Little, Brown. $3.75.

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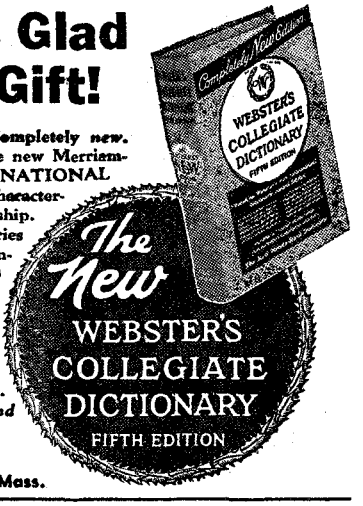

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Letters to the Editors

"Protecting" Skilled Labor

Dear Sirs: At the risk of being called a 100 per cent American, who counts aliens instead of sheep, I rise to warn labor to keep an eye on the immigration laws of the United States. This warning is based on statements appearing in the September issue of the *Index,* a publication of the New York Trust Company.

The *Index* suggests, quite innocently, that a more flexible policy for the replenishment of our supply of unskilled labor might be in order. It says: "Without question, cutting off the reservoir of alien laborers on which the country has always so greatly relied, as already demonstrated in the case of domestic servants, will force up the wages of unskilled labor generally and compel widespread readjustment of costs, affecting the entire country, not excluding labor itself—especially skilled labor."

This solicitude for the welfare of skilled labor interested me. I wondered if some other considerations besides a fear of a "readjustment of costs" might be prompting the *Index's* actions, and I found a clue in "Middletown in Transition," by Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd. Surveying industrial conditions in Middletown, the Lynds state: "Of the new workers added in Middletown's manufacturing and mechanical industries during the decade of the 1920's, the types of workers who may today be classified as 'skilled' have increased only approximately two-thirds as fast as have the 'semi-skilled'. . . . What we appear to be witnessing in Middletown is an industrial scene, particularly in the predominating larger plants, consisting increasingly of a small group of highly skilled mechanics, a heavily numerically dominant group of semi-skilled operatives, and a small group of laborers." Concerning this development the authors write: "By diminishing the worker's continuing identification with any single craft group it lessens his inclination to look to the existing type of craft union for a strengthening of his morale and bargaining power."

To strengthen the morale and bargaining power of our growing army of semi-skilled operatives is the admitted purpose of the Committee for Industrial Organization. Industrialists, failing to check the unionization drive of the C. I. O. with violence, are turning to other more subtle means. The *Index* is pointing the way. In calling for a lowering of immigration barriers it hopes to depress the labor market. It pretends to worry about the possible leveling off of the wages of skilled workers, but it conveniently ignores three important facts: (1) that the dividing line between skilled and unskilled workers is becoming more and more blurred, and that greater mechanization in industry calls for more semi-skilled workers and fewer skilled men; (2) that the gap between the wages of skilled and unskilled workers is narrowing; (3) that "laborers," as such, are disappearing, moving over into the classification of semi-skilled operatives. This third point is most important because this growing army of semi-skilled operatives is filling up the C. I. O. unions.

The *Index's* demand for lowered immigration barriers is an amusing example of how the industrialists play both ends against the middle. After wringing profits from foreign laborers, they were confronted with the depression years of the 1930's. Reversing themselves, they immediately called upon the government to cut aliens off the relief rolls and "ship them back where they came from." Now they are prepared to let the immigration bars down in order to "protect" skilled workers, of which we have a decreasing number.

No one would dispute the fact that we need reasonable immigration laws which will give us a supply of aliens that can be absorbed into the population at a wholesome rate. But we should guard against all efforts to use increased immigration as a club to hammer down wages and smash unionization.

FRANK B. LATHAM

New York, December 2

A Menace to Democracy

Dear Sirs: The injunction recently issued by Vice-Chancellor Eagan of Jersey City restraining members of the Hudson County Newspaper Guild from picketing, discussing their strike against the Bayonne *Times* Publishing Company, and finally from even going on strike was a dastardly blow at the very root of our constitutional right of civil liberties. It clearly indicates the "I am the law" attitude of Frank Hague and his political appointees. Later, yielding to a wave of public indignation, Mr. Eagan, a lifelong member of the Hague machine, withdrew the clause in the injunction prohibiting the newspapermen from organizing a strike.

Such acts by public officials should arouse progressives everywhere in a united clamor for the end of Hagueism and its fascist terror. It is time that the spotlight of publicity be supplemented by national action in driving from power an individual and a system that are a menace to democracy and a hindrance to progress everywhere.

The passage of an anti-injunction law in the New Jersey legislature this year seems imperative. But more important at the moment is the question whether or not New Jersey is still part of the United States and still governed by the Bill of Rights.

JOHN R. LONGO, Secretary,
Hudson County Citizens' Committee
Jersey City, N. J., November 24

Praise for Group Practice

Dear Sirs: James Rorty's article, Organized Medicine Sees Red, in *The Nation* of November 6, commenting upon the extension of group medical practice in America is of interest to all. During the past year organized medicine, or perhaps I should say the politicians of organized medicine, seem to have changed their method of attack upon the pioneers in group practice. They are now endeavoring to have it declared illegal, either by such a strict construction of existing laws that group practice will be held to violate the insurance acts or by the passage of new laws permitting only groups incorporated under the insurance acts to give this type of service —the joker, of course, being that doctors cannot incorporate under existing laws.

It is my opinion that the Washington Group Health Association will succeed in spite of opposition. The usual attacks will of course be made upon it—ostracism, attempts to prevent wholesale houses from furnishing it with supplies, and a whispering campaign about its inefficiency. I am convinced, however, from three years' experience in group medical practice in the most reactionary city in the United States, Philadelphia, that group practice gives service which

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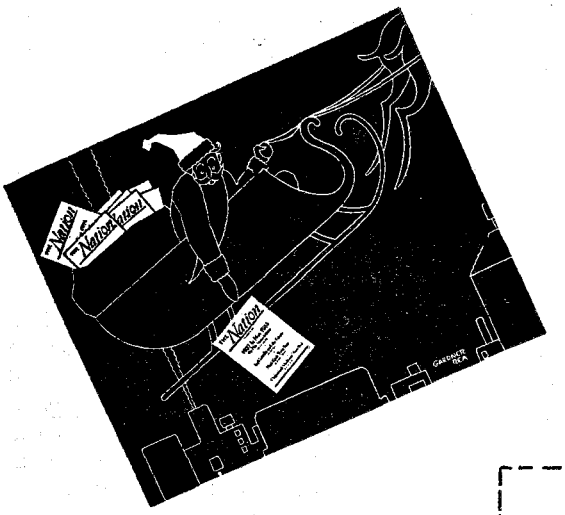

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is far superior to that which the general practitioner is able to give; that the personal relationship between the doctor and the patient is enhanced rather than diminished; that the mutual respect enjoyed by all in the service shows that honesty and understanding are at a maximum; that cooperative group practice is economically sound where the subscriber rate is one thousand or more; and that the success of such group movements will necessarily introduce a public medical service similar to our public-school system. C. DUDLEY SAUL, M. D.

Philadelphia, November 23

The Earl Favors Franco

Dear Sirs: Your readers may recall that in my article entitled The Capitalist International in *The Nation* of September 25 I mentioned the famous Rio Tinto mining interests as prominent among those British interests which have joined with the fascists in backing Franco. The Earl of Denbigh, a prominent Rio Tinto director, has recently spoken his mind on the humanitarian issue of the Basque children. In the House of Lords he said: "Bringing all these children over here [was] part of a specious and cunning piece of propaganda put out by the Red Party in Spain. . . . If only people would realize more the way in which the trouble began in Spain they would have less sympathy with the so-called government. . . . I would like to see direct encouragement given to General Franco. I sincerely hope that General Franco will win." ELIOT JANEWAY

New York, November 27

Who Said "Right to Work"?

Dear Sirs: The independent steel companies are reported to have contributed 130,000 persons to the 1,000,000 newly unemployed as a consequence of the "Roosevelt crash" of October. Did somebody not long ago say something about "the right to work"?

FERDINAND LUNDBERG

New York, December 2

CONTRIBUTORS

LEIGH WHITE went to Spain with the first contingent sent by the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy and drove an ambulance for some months. At present he is in Barcelona acting as a translator for the Loyalist government.

HELEN WOODWARD is writing a book on the advertising business entitled "O Paradise," of which the present article is a chapter.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of *The Nation,* published weekly at New York, N. Y., December 11, 1937.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *The Nation,* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Nation, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Editors, Freda Kirchwey, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Max Lerner, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Hugo Van Arx, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholder owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) The Nation, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.: Freda Kirchwey, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HUGO VAN ARX,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of December, 1937. R. B. COUSINS.

(My commission expires March 30, 1939.)
(Seal)

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